

SPECIAL OUTDOOR LIFE NUMBER

# *The Quiver*

June  
1920

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> net



# CLEMAK

## Safety Razor

"A PERFECT BLADE"



COMBINATION OUTFIT  
COMPLETE IN LEATHER CASE

15/-

MACHINE STRAPPER  
WITH VELOCT-HIDE STRIP

5/6

SILVER PLATED CLEMAK  
IN CASE WITH SEVEN BLADES

7/6

MINUTE TO STROP - MOMENT TO CLEAN

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO., 56, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2



# DURO

*Fadeless Fabrics*

FOR fastness of colour, for charm and long wear, there is nothing that can with a DURO compare; and you will find a DURO for every purpose—for smart costume, light summer frock, morning dress, sports coat, jumper, children's wear—or the bathing costume.

*"Garment replaced if colour fades."*

Through the leading drapers. Patterns and the names of local suppliers can be had from the DURO Advertising Offices, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Dyers and Manufacturers:

BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.  
MANCHESTER.

DURO CAMBRIC ... 40ins. ... 3/11  
for Frocks, Shirts & Children's Wear.

DURO ZEPHYR ... 40ins. ... 3/11  
for Children's and Ladies' Frocks.

DURO GINGHAM ... 40ins. ... 3/11  
for Overallis, Swisses' Costumes, etc.

DURO PIQUE ... 40ins. ... 5/6  
for Tailored Suits and Costumes.

DURO BURWARD ... 40ins. ... 6/6  
for Sports Coats, Costumes, and Shirts.

DURO SUITING ... 40ins. ... 6/11  
for smart Coat-Frocks and Costumes.

DURO RATINE ... 40ins. ... 7/11  
for Sports Coats, Jumpers, Shirts, etc.

DURO SHIRTINGS for Men, in all weights and styles.



# Ulcers & Skin Troubles

**Germolene—the Great Aseptic Remedy—Draws Out all Wound Poisons and Heals Like a Charm.**

Germolene is planned on the modern Aseptic system of treatment, and makes latest medical methods available in every home. The old antiseptic preparations are superseded by Germolene, which cures not merely by killing germs but by excluding germs, by cleansing the wound of all poisons and promoting natural healing. Germolene draws out wound poisons and impurities and keeps the ulcer or bad leg scientifically clean. The first dressing with Germolene allays pain and irritation, while its healing power is unprecedented.

## *The Salve that Soothes at a Touch*

*Germolene is the proved Home Remedy for—*

**Eczema  
Psoriasis  
Rashes  
Ulcers**

**Piles  
Itching  
Ringworm  
Cuts & Burns**

**Skin Eruptions  
Pimples  
Chapped Hands  
Chilblains**

*And all poisoned, itching and inflamed surfaces.*

**Prices 1/3 & 3/- per tin.**

*From Chemists and Stores everywhere. Larger size the more economical. Always ask for Germolene and refuse imitations. There is no substitute for Germolene.*

# Germolene

**The Aseptic Skin Dressing**



### **Free Opinion and Instructive Book.**

For an opinion as to the suitability of Germolene in your case, together with an instructive treatise on skin ailments, address The Vicks Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester.

# PHILLIPS

**RUBBER HEELS & TIPS**

**Wonderful Value**

**AND**

**Most Durable**



**The Secret is in the Quality.**

*This Dainty Sample of*  
**FRIPP'S Toilet Soap**

is yours for the asking.  
You will be charmed with it.  
Please mention your usual trader's name and address.

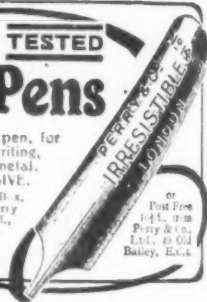


**CHRIST. THOMAS  
& BROS., LTD.  
Broad Plain  
BRISTOL**

**Perry** **TESTED**  
**No. 1405**  
**THE**  
**IRRESISTIBLE** **Pens**

A most delightful pen, for smooth, easy writing, made of yellow metal. **NON-CORROSIVE.**

A sorted Sample Box, containing 24 Perry Tested Pens, etc., from all Stationers



or Post Free 1/4d. from Perry & Co., Ltd., 10 Old Bailey, E.C.4.

# Hindes

**HAIR TINT FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR**



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. **2/6 the Flask**, or direct from **HINDES, Ltd.**, 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

**Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hindes Waves.**



# INCOME OVER £1,200 A YEAR MORE

## Special Offer to Readers

A LETTER received recently at the Pelman Institute gave pause even to a staff to whom reports of big income increases have become almost a commonplace. It was from a Managing Director. Here is what he says—"My income is over £1,200 a year more—*thanks entirely to the sound practical teaching of Pelmanism.*" Is there any reader of THE QUIVER who desires more concrete evidence of the income-raising powers of Pelmanism than this letter?

No testimony could be more direct and definite. No investment could be more gratifying than Pelmanism is here conclusively proved to be. In this respect it is interesting to note that hundreds of Pelman students have said that the cash value of first lesson alone of the Course was worth the full fee paid for the complete Course.

### Clerk Trebles Income

Another instance of material benefit derived from Pelmanism is given in the following letter. It clearly shows that the Pelmanist with a trained mind receives immediate recognition from whoever pays for the labour of his brain and hand. In this instance a clerk writes:—"I am deeply indebted to the Pelman Institute, as since taking up the Course I have more than trebled my income, which is due solely to your teaching."

This is an example for all who feel the burden of high prices. The man or woman who, conscientiously studying Pelmanism, unfailingly develops these mental qualities which are so highly paid, can afford to laugh at the upward trend of prices. The high cost of living has no fears for the worker whose income is always ahead of it.

### Fascinating as a Hobby

Pelmanism is the easiest study in the world. It is taught entirely by correspondence, and every student has individualised, personal tuition from one of a large staff of expert University-trained psychologists. You can study the "little grey books" anywhere at any odd moment of the day. Minutes otherwise wasted can be invested in their study and yield you a golden reward.

By starting Pelmanism now you will find yourself repaid over and over again for the small initial outlay. Moreover, not only is the fee charged for the Course a small one, but arrangements can be made whenever desired to pay it in instalments. This places the Course within reach of every reader.

Apply to-day to the Pelman Institute, 755 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. By return you will receive gratis and post free:—

1. A copy of "Mind and Memory," which tells exactly what Pelmanism is and what it does. It includes a complete Synopsis of the Course.
2. A reprint of *Truth's* famous and fearless Report on Pelmanism.
3. An Enrolment Form which enables you to enrol for the complete Course of Pelmanism on special terms.

Here is your great chance to put yourself in the way of removing the burden of high prices. You want a fuller, more enjoyable life—you want to be free from financial anxiety—**YOU MUST MAKE THE FIRST MOVE**—nobody can help you if you do not. Apply To-day.

Overseas Addresses:—205 Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.; Temple Building, Toronto; 40-42 Mark T Street, Melbourne; Club Arcade, Portland; Chowpatty Sea Face, Bombay.



## LEAVE IT TO ME AND FLUXITE

and you'll have things right in a "jiffy." No difficulty to get it—the shop round the corner is sure to have it. No difficulty to use it—it's as easy as kissing Aunty. It makes any job a simple one for amateurs—it saves the time of the "professional," when there's mending to be done—gas and water pipes—kitchen and household utensils—tools of all kinds. Plumbers and Mechanics will have **FLUXITE** because it

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

The inexpensive **FLUXITE** Soldering Set saves its cost in a very short time—lasts for years—is simple and handy to use. Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you this outfit.

**FLUXITE** can be obtained in all Hardware and Ironmongery Stores, in tins, costing 8d., 1/4 and 2/8.

### GET A TIN TO-DAY



### The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small space" Soldering Iron, with non-heating metal handles, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite Solder, etc., and full instructions.

Price 10 0. Sample Set post paid United Kingdom.

FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bormondsey, England.

## THE QUIVER

**STANWORTH'S**  
*"Defiance"*  
 REGD  
**UMBRELLAS.**

**THIS UMBRELLA**

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered, with the famous Stanworth, "Defiance" Silk Union.

**Send us your old Umbrella**

to-day, together with P.O. for 7/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 1/- upwards.

**STANWORTH & CO.**  
 Northern Umbrella Works,  
 BLACKBURN.

**THIS WRECK**

**LEAVE IT TO US**

**AND IS RETURNED LIKE NEW**



**'Way up in the mountains**

Long deep breaths of the air clear the throat and nasal passages. It is different in the toiling cities, but the delicate throat-lining irritated by the smoke and dust-laden air is soothed, healed, and fortified against the attack of disease germs by occasionally dissolving in the mouth

**EVANS' Pastilles**

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

**1/3** per tin from Chemists, or post free from the makers, Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd., 56 Hanover Street, Liverpool, and 60 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

S.2



**HARBUTT'S**  
**PLASTICINE**

**FOR HOME MODELLING.**

The charm of "Plasticine" opens a new world of delight to that immense army of little people who are always coming on. Do not think it old because maybe you used it ten or fifteen years ago; it isn't to them. Pass on your pleasures: buy a box and show them the funny things you used to make.

**Complete Outfits:—**  
 2/-, 3/-, 4/6, 6/6, 8/3, post paid.

**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd., 27 Bathampton, BATH,**  
 London Showrooms: 34 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

Write for Catalogue

**ASTOUNDING VALUES**  
 IN  
**HOUSEHOLD LINENS**

If everyone who needs Nappies today knew what amazing values we offer in: Horrockses' Sheets and Pillow Cases, "Old Bleach" Table Damask and Linen, Pure Irish Red Linen, our stock, large as they are, would not last a single week. Having contracted for huge supplies at the favourable moment, we actually save you pounds on perfect goods of prime quality. *It runs on for 10 days.*

**S. BARROW & CO., Ltd., 104 Victoria Street, London, E.W.1.**



**Wouldn't miss it for anything**

**The Highest Standard of Purity and Perfection.**

**EGALL**  
**CUSTARD POWDER**  
*(Sugar Sweetened)*

Contains only Eggs and other choice Ingredients of the highest possible food value in perfect combination that unfailingly produce the

**"KING OF CUSTARDS"**

Egg Products, Limited, Birmingham.



The  
World's  
Standard.



They Always  
Turn Out  
Well.

# Chivers' Jellies

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES

They are clear and beautiful when made ready for the table. The children's favourite dish.

**GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE**

A Lady writes :—

"As a sweet for luncheon they are unsurpassed."



**INSIST UPON HAVING CHIVERS' AND ACCEPT NO OTHER.**

**CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE**

**THE QUIVER**

# Try my Cake Royal

MAKES PERFECT CAKES.

**Easily! Quickly! Cheaply!**

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

You can make many different kinds of cake by following the Recipes and full directions given in each packet.

The purity and high quality of the ingredients makes every "Cake Royal" cake not only a delightful dainty but a valuable food.

Ask your grocer for this perfect Cake Maker.



**J. & J. BEAULAH LTD., BOSTON, ENGLAND.**

**1/-**  
per tin



**"Kleenoff"**  
**Cooker Cleaning Jelly**

FOR REMOVING GREASE FROM GAS OVENS, ETC.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock send 2/- for 2 tins post free—

The Manager, The Kleenoff Co., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.



**1/-**  
per tin



**WRITE NOW FOR THIS  
BARGAIN BOOK POST FREE**

Deal direct with the actual manufacturers, and save middlemen's profits. **Costumes, Mantles, Blouses, Raincoats, etc.**

Write for Bargain Book No. 135 today.

**TAYLOR'S The Garment House**  
1, Blackfriars St. MANCHESTER

**POST'S C.B.Q. TABLETS**

Cure **RHEUMATISM** and all Uric Acid Troubles.

Bring relief from suffering and pain. Act at the root of the trouble, dissolve and eliminate the Uric Acid, and gradually restore normal health and give permanent relief. Contains no injurious ingredients. Send for Free Booklet containing remarkable testimonials. On sale at all Boots branches.

Price 3s. and 5s., Post Free from

A. M. POST & CO. (Dept. 23), 25 Week St., MAIDSTONE

**NOSTROLINE**  
TRADE MARK REGD

**"OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP."**

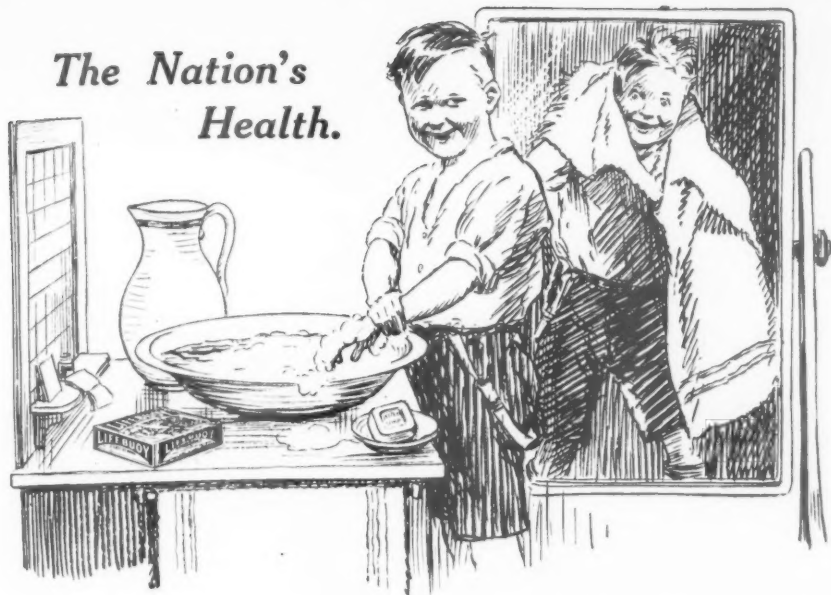
A man or a woman going about with a cold in the head ought to be locked up or put in quarantine. But as that can't be done, the force of public opinion urges them to use "No Nostroline" Nasal Specific. Had they only used "Nostroline" before the cold developed, they would never have become a misery to themselves and a danger to others. School teachers ought to insist upon the children who have colds using "Nostroline," and Mothers who would keep the kiddies free from sickness should give them some before they go to School or to the Pictures. Just a little smeared in the nostrils and sniffed up and you have the best protection against infection. Use "Nostroline" Nasal Specific to prevent and cure Nasal Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Influenza, and Sore Throat.

All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.  
In case of delay, send P.O. 1/6 or 3/3 to

**NOSTROLINE LABORATORIES, 520, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.**

**NOSTROLINE**  
TRADE MARK REGD

## The Nation's Health.



"What are the problems awaiting us? One is the health of the people. A little over a year ago I had occasion to say here that you could not make an A1 Empire with a C3 population. It is perfectly true. The health of the people is one of the dominating questions of the hour."

—The Premier.

THE health of the people certainly demands the greatest care, and one of the most valuable precautions in safeguarding the nation's health is the constant use of Lifebuoy Soap. Its healthy antiseptic odour proclaims its worth.

Our Young Hopefuls—the nation's hope for the future—love the health-giving lather of Lifebuoy Soap. They take to it as a duck takes to water—they cannot help liking Lifebuoy. It is health-giving as well as cleansing.

*Lifebuoy Soap is brimful of Health.  
Wash face and hands with it—  
Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.*

MORE THAN SOAP—YET  
COSTS NO MORE.

# LIFEBUOY SOAP

The name LEVER on Soap  
is a Guarantee of Purity  
and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L. 101. 21



## *"Marple" Sheets & Sheetings*

**Strong, Soft & Snowy-white,**  
these sheets are a pride and delight to the housewife. In finest weave or heavier weight they are all doubly durable, as only high-grade cotton is used, and special care is taken in the spinning and weaving.

Plain hemmed or hemstitched, in both plain and twill weaves.

Ask your usual draper, or you can be put into touch with retailers who can supply you by writing to the Proprietors:

**THE HOLLINS MILL CO., LTD.,**  
*Spinners and Manufacturers,*

Dept. Q, 5 Portland Street, Manchester.

Proprietors also of "Sunresista," "Wash-resista" Print, "Sealfleece," etc.

# Nerve Failure

**Helpless for Six Years. Wonderful Cure By Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**



Mr. L. Parry

Mr. Lemuel Parry, of Nythfa House, Fennant Road, Ponkey, near Wrexham, says: "I feel that for the benefit of humanity I must testify to the almost miraculous cure which Dr. Cassell's Tablets have effected in me. Before I commenced taking them I was paralysed from the waist down, and had been so for six years. All that time I was in bed helpless. I could not turn over, could not do anything. I had to be lifted in and out of bed and attended to just as a child would be. There was no feeling whatever in my legs, and yet the nerves seemed to be active sometimes, for my knees would jerk up to my chest as I lay.

"I had advice at various times, but I was considered incurable. At last I decided to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a long time I could move my legs a little, and then I used to get out in a Bath-chair. Steadily I grew stronger in the back and my legs too, and in the end was able to go out on crutches. Now I can go about with a walking-stick, but still take the crutches if going very far. All who know me are astonished at my cure."

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

### Home Prices:

**1/3 and 3/-**

The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

*Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised Home Remedy for—*

<b>Nervous Breakdown</b>	<b>Sleeplessness</b>	<b>Wasting Diseases</b>
<b>Nerve Paralysis</b>	<b>Anæmia</b>	<b>Palpitation</b>
<b>Malnutrition</b>	<b>Kidney Trouble</b>	<b>Vital Exhaustion</b>
<b>Neurasthenia</b>	<b>Indigestion</b>	<b>Nervous Debility</b>

**Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.**

### FREE

### INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester, England.



# A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It.

## Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

*After Thirty Years' Experience we have  
produced an Appliance for Men, Women,  
and Children that actually Cures Rupture.*

If you have tried almost every-thing else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing the Appliance, and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and having once seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.



*From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.*

### Trusses Were No Earthly Use.

High Street, Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come in contact with suffering from hernia.

THOS. COLLINGS.

### A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

C. E. Brooks,

Macclesfield.

Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention, and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part, I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully, ELLEN JARRETT.

### I am Entirely Cured.

12 Union Street, Clydebank.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the real worth of your Rupture Appliance. It surpasses a great deal, in my opinion, even what you yourself claim for it, and that is saying a good deal. I reckon it a rare combination of simplicity, neatness, and usefulness in its line, so much so that, although I quite believe I am entirely cured, I have no desire to dispense with it, as it causes no inconvenience whatever. I can indulge in any kind of exercise common to men without the slightest fear, which I could not do before I got it. I am pleased to be able to give this report, and consider it my duty to do so.

Yours faithfully, P. BELL.

### TEN REASONS WHY

**You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.**

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

### Perfectly Cured at 74.

To Mr. Brooks,

Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear Sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.

I remain, yours obediently, HENRY SALTER.  
P.S.—My age is 74 years, perfectly cured.

### Remember

We send the Appliance on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.  
If in London, call at our consulting-rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen.

### Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.,  
(1553), 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, illustrated book and full information about The Brooks Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Please write plainly)

## Prevents Indigestion

Never confuse pure, light, digestible Hovis Bread with ordinary wholemeal bread, made coarse and clammy with bran and husks.

# HōVIS

(TRADE MARK)

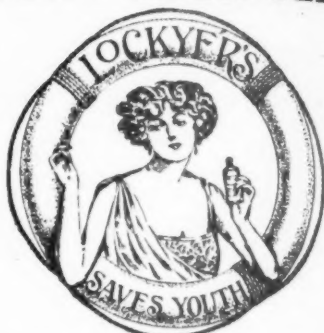
is made of the purest, cleanest white flour with the golden germ of the wheat added to it. That is why Hovis Bread is so digestible. That addition of the natural nitrogen and organic phosphates of wheat makes

**Hovis a nourishing  
and valuable food**

**YOUR BAKER  
BAKES IT**



**DON'T LOOK OLD!**



But restore your gray and faded hairs to their natural colour with

**LOCKYER'S SULPHUR  
HAIR RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold Everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1., and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

## SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Roughness	Acne
Pimples	Rashes	Blotches
Redness	Eczema	Spots
Psoriasis	Scurf	Rosacea

SULPHOLINE is prepared by the great Skin Specialists,

**J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd.,  
12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1.,**

and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/-. It can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunscorch.

## Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespuns

Direct from the Makers.  
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.

**S. A. NEWALL & SON (Dept. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.**  
State shade desired and if for Gent.'s or Ladies' Wear.

# Onoto

## THE Pen

**When you see a Pillar Box,  
remember to get an ONOTO.**

The Onoto is like the Pillar Box—always ready for your letters.

A twist with thumb and finger releases the ink, and the Onoto writes on without giving you a moment's worry. The Onoto fills itself, too, and when sealed by a turn of the hand it can no more leak than you can get your letter back after posting it.

And like the Pillar Box—the Onoto is a British Institution—made by De La Rue of London.

**THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd.,**  
Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.





## That thin patch—

Is your hair getting a trifle thin in places? If so, rub a little Anzora well in the scalp every morning. You will then find how easily you can brush the hair over the sparse parts and ensure that it will remain there throughout the day. Do not delay; purchase a bottle of Anzora right away, but

*Beware of  
substitutes, or  
court certain  
disappointment.*

Anzora Cream (for those with slightly greasy scalps) and Anzora Viola (for those with dry scalps) are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (double quantity) per bottle.

# ANZORA

## Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane,  
London, N.W.6.

# HERCULES

## Inexpensive Spring Frocks for Children

### Look Well—Wear Well—Wash Well

HERCULES Frocks for Children are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' "Hercules," the tested cloth, and may be obtained in a large variety of pretty designs and styles.

They can be washed again and again—the colours are absolutely fast and the material simply defies wear. Children are always happy when wearing HERCULES Frocks, for they know they can romp and play to their hearts' content without fear of spoiling them.

### GUARANTEE.

Every "Hercules" garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket; it is our guarantee of quality. If any

"Hercules" garment proves unsatisfactory in wash or wear, your draper will replace it *Mother and Child*, FREE OF CHARGE.



Drapers everywhere stock "Hercules" Garments. If yours does not, please send to us for patterns, etc.

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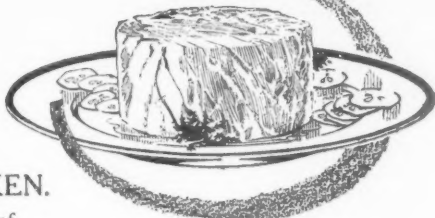
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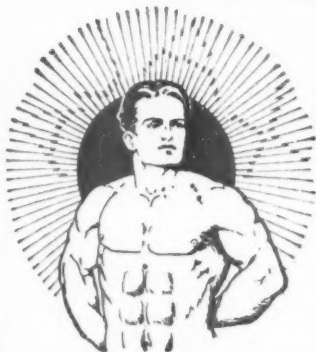
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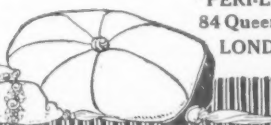
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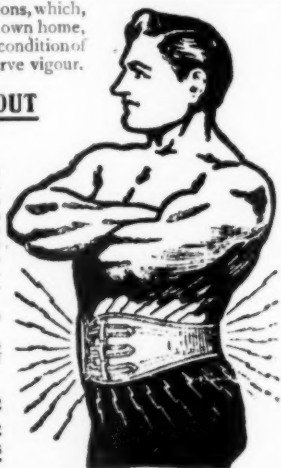
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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### VISITING THE BATTLEFIELDS

#### Some Practical Hints

One might well spend a fortnight's holiday this year in France and Belgium. From the point of view of expense the Continental tour should prove to be cheaper than one of similar distance and period at home: owing to the rate of exchange the value of our notes is doubled across the water.

My July number will contain an interesting article by a British ex-Officer on "A Fortnight on the Continent," which should be exceedingly helpful to those of my readers who would like to spend their vacation in the War Zone.

The article is illustrated with maps.

*The Editor*

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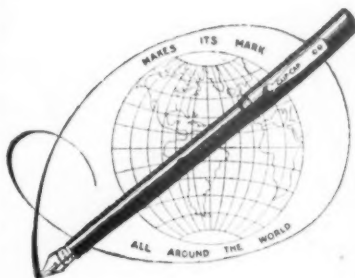
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# THE ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"MRS. DESPARD," announced the maid. For the minute the name was unfamiliar; then, as a very perfectly-tailored girl came into the room, I laughed.

"Why, Ruth, I was just wondering who the stranger was. I always forget my friends' married names. Tea, Marie, and hot buttered toast. Sit down, Ruth; you've happened in on coal and butter day. Well, how goes it?"

The firelight flickered on a pretty face that was momentarily hardened in a rather worried look.

"Fairly well," she said, as she loosened her furs. "Fact is, I've come to say good-bye. I've had a cable from David and he wants me to go out to Australia to him on the next boat. Of course I'll love to see him again, but it's all rather uprooting, isn't it? I've never lived on a ranch in my life, and I think I shall be rather homesick at first."

I sympathised, and we talked for some time. Then she said: "You know, I'm rather worried about the frivolous problem of keeping my looks. David told me that what first attracted him was the fact that I looked so different from most Australian women. But under Australian conditions, shall I be able to keep it up? For example, I have my hair washed and waved at a hairdresser's every fortnight: that will be impossible in my new life. And I look hideous with straight hair."

"Why, that's easily solved: take out a good supply of silmerine with you; once out there you can order it from Sydney, which will be your nearest town. You only want to damp your hair with it slightly and put in slides or a curler or two, which can easily be concealed under a boudoir cap. Get your hair accustomed to silmerine treatment on the voyage out; then, by the time you land, it will probably have developed a distinct natural tendency to curl, and will only occasionally need damping. Of course, it is much better for the hair than to sap all its gloss and vitality with hot irons. For a home shampoo, I think you cannot beat stallax; a tea-spoonful of stallax granules to a cup of hot water will make the most delicious foaming lather, which cleanses the hair splendidly. You'll be able to dry it in the sun in no time in that gorgeous climate! If I were you, I should always keep some reliable tonic in the house, for you never know when your hair may require a little stimulating. Yes, boranium and bay rum is excellent: I always use it. You should take some boranium out with you. You can get it in very convenient little packages. Also, I think it would be a very wise plan to keep some tammalite by you; dark hair like yours has a very disconcerting habit of turning grey in patches. Why don't you take out some tammalite? You may not need it for a long time, but it will keep. If your hair does show a tendency to fade, you have only to dissolve two ounces of tammalite in three ounces of bay rum, and you have a wonderful hair restorer ready for use."

"Well, that's all very consoling; you've cheered me up a lot," said Ruth, "but one awful problem is worrying me, and I doubt if even you could suggest a satisfactory solution."

"Let's hear it," I answered.

"Do you know that I am one of those unfortunate persons who suffer from superfluous hair. If I were not continually undergoing electric treatment I should be that horror, a woman with a moustache! What can I do in Australia, miles from civilisation?"

"Nothing is easier," I told her, "than to get rid of superfluous hair. Electrolysis, as I daresay you have found, is expensive and painful, and does not permanently destroy the hairs. You should never be without some pure powdered pheninol; it is obtainable in very nice little one-ounce bottles; an ounce should last a considerable time, and of course the powder form makes it ideal for travelling. To remove superfluous hair, you should mix a small quantity of the pheninol with an equal quantity of water into a stiff paste, rub it on the affected part, and after a couple of minutes the hair shrivels up, and disappears entirely."

"Why, that seems too good to be true!" exclaimed Ruth. "I must write that down. Now, Estelle, I'm going to worry you some more. What kind of complexion cream should I take? I want something that lasts, that doesn't take up much room, and above all, that really does keep one's skin in condition."

"The answer to the riddle is mercolized wax," I replied, "a couple of ounces such as chemists usually sell lasts for three or four months; it is solid, compact, and not wasteful to use, and it's the finest complexion beautifier there is. Its great merit is that instead of making the skin dull by clogging the pores with grease as too many 'face-creams' do, it gently absorbs the dull outer tissue which gets coarsened by hard water, dirt, and so on—and reveals the dazzling freshness of the new skin below. Of course, in a hot climate where the sun and dust tend to ruin even the prettiest skins, it will be simply invaluable. I'll give you another useful tip: be sure to provide yourself with some tablets of stymol; then, if you happen to have a blackhead, you have only to melt one tablet in a little warm water, bathe the blackhead, and you will be able to remove it, without the slightest difficulty, with a clean towel."

"Thanks so much: I am sure I shall be as grateful as grateful to you when I'm in the wilds of Australia. Of course, I shan't need powder, because since I discovered cleminite I haven't needed it."

"No, you couldn't do better than carry on with cleminite," I assured her. "I can't think why more women don't give up the old-fashioned messy powder and use that nice lotion instead. Well, Ruth, I think you'll blossom in the desert all right, if you are wise and take care of your looks."

"I hope I'll be able to," she said, "because however much one loves adventures and roughing it, I don't want to become a masculine-looking woman. After all, David liked me as he found me, and it's up to me to try and stay the same. I'm afraid my hands will get awfully red with scrubbing and so on," she laughed ruefully, "but still, it's not a big price for so much."

"You needn't suffer that much," I said, "if you use licrolium jelly to get the dirt out of the cracks and take away the rough, red look. When you have massaged them well, dust lightly with a little talc powder, and your hands will stay as pretty and white as they are now."

"I must go," she said, rising; "I don't in the least want to, but there are so many people to see . . . Will you come and see me off? I sail on Friday fortnight . . . good-bye . . ."

"Good-bye, Ruth, and the very best of luck to you both . . . write to me, won't you? . . . good-bye."

# The Quiver

## Outdoor Life

*Man was never intended to be perpetually "cribb'd, cabined" within the four walls of a house. We are an ailing lot—but most of our ills are due simply to lack of sunshine and fresh air. Coals, food, clothes—we are told that these things are going up in price: the sunshine and the pure air are as bounteous as ever and as healing.*

*We really ought to get out into the open more: the waving trees, the singing birds, the flowers of the wayside all invite us. Leave your heated rooms and narrow streets for a while: step out into the highway, tramp through the forest and over the downs. Work must have its way with all of us—but work will go all the cheerier for the smell of the flowers. Pack away your troubles, brush aside your cares, and study old Mother Nature for once in a while. Tramp!*



The New  
Neighbour

Donné by  
P. Tardieu



# The Man with a Past

*A Story of Country Life*

By  
*R. B. Ince*

IT has been said that curiosity killed the cat. Now the cat, as every naturalist knows, has a shrill voice and nine lives. Therefore curiosity must be of a nature deadly as nightshade and powerful as dynamite.

But though disastrous to cats, curiosity is by no means so inimical to men and women. Many men and a great many women thrive on it. They want to know how the man next door made his money; whether the lady with the golden hair who lives opposite is a real or a glass widow, and where the policeman went when No. 13 was burgled. No lightning from heaven strikes them dead while they indulge their curiosity on these and kindred topics. Far from it. The sun shines on them with approving brilliance, and they grow fat on the proceeds of prosperity.

Curiosity is a universal quality. You will find it among the black-skinned aborigines of Australia and among the black-coated dwellers in Suburbiana. Therefore blame not Chubleigh that Chubleigh was no exception to the rule that changeth not. Chubleigh is a small but growing country town. People go to Chubleigh when they retire from the active affairs of life. They seek (usually in vain) a little house like The Laurels, which stands back from the London road about a quarter of a mile outside Chubleigh. The Laurels is covered with Virginia creeper; it has two gates—one at each end of the semi-circular gravel drive—and a round flower-bed in the centre of its well-trimmed lawn.

For many years an old lady whom nobody knew anything about lived at The Laurels. She possessed a cat and a green parrot, and these were the only beings in whom she took any interest. The parrot had belonged to her mother, but, though an octogenarian, was still young. The cat was a black Tom and should have brought her luck. Perhaps it did. But it didn't bring her visitors. The world, the curious world, is not interested in old ladies. So this old lady, her cat, and her parrot were left severely alone, and people forgot what

a nice little house she inhabited until the old lady died and the Peytons rented The Laurels.

Then Chubleigh, after the manner of its kind, sat up and took notice. It wanted to know three things, to wit, who the Peytons were, how they had made their money (if any), and why they had come to Chubleigh.

These questions were eagerly asked and as eagerly answered—by the gossips. And it was decided that The Laurels had once again attracted the wrong kind of people. It was whispered that Mr. Peyton had "a past." By which it was signified that he had done something which he ought not to have done. Nobody knew precisely what. The more inquisitive spirits would have liked to have asked him. But there are some questions you cannot put—even to a man with a past. Some said "forgery," others said "embezzlement." All were agreed that he was "not a gentleman." The Peytons were therefore voted "undesirable," and Chubleigh decided not to "call." It is true that Mrs. Robson-Brown tried the experiment. But who ever yet dissuaded Mrs. Robson-Brown from trying an experiment of that kind?

"My dear," she told her friend Miss Chumpet when recounting her experiences, "they're quite impossible people. Mr. Peyton doesn't say his aitches. He's not a bit of a gentleman. Very wisely he lets his daughter do most of the talking (his wife's an invalid—rheumatic arthritis—been in bed two years). He sits on the edge of his chair (such a shiny one! I was in terror all the time lest he should slip off into the fender) and adds, 'Yes, my dear,' and 'No, my dear,' to whatever his daughter says. I dare say they're quite comfortably off. The house is nicely furnished. I should imagine Marjory, the daughter, has good taste. She's rather pretty in her way, and no doubt they've given her a good education. But, my dear, they'll never go down—not in Chubleigh."

Probably the person least concerned as to whether Chubleigh approved of him or not

## THE QUIVER

was Mr. Peyton. Mankind may be roughly divided into two classes: those who are happy and those who are not happy. And in nine cases out of ten you will find that the happy have attained happiness by the cultivation of a hobby.

Mr. Peyton's hobby was fowls. By dint of dearly purchased experience and a naturally acute intelligence he had made himself an expert breeder of poultry. He knew everything there is to know about the respective merits of wyandottes and cochins, and if ever a means is devised whereby the masculine egg may be distinguished from the feminine egg, you may depend upon it that the discovery will be made by Mr. Peyton.

According to local opinion Mr. Peyton's chicken farm ought not to have prospered. Chubleigh believed in holding fast to the lore handed down by grandsire Adam and adding nothing to it. It distrusted new-fangled methods. The first man to use a knife and fork in Chubleigh probably had a bad time. Mr. Peyton did everything for his chickens that he ought not to have done. But—they grew fat and laid more eggs than anybody else's. They appeared to take a justifiable pride in laying eggs—big eggs too, many of them with double yolks.

Chubleigh, regarding Mr. Peyton as "a foreigner," was not only puzzled, it was annoyed. "What does he know about chickens?" was a question the Chubleighs were continually putting to each other. Their annoyance therefore grew to fever point when it was rumoured that Lady Thornton had sought Mr. Peyton's advice concerning her poultry. Lady Thornton's fowls did not lay a sufficient number of eggs to satisfy her ladyship. She spoke to her man Beaver about it. "It be all due to the terrible bad winter we've 'ad," said Beaver. "Do you know," said her ladyship, "that Mr. Peyton is getting four dozen eggs a day?" "Oh, *im!*" replied Beaver with a grimace.

Lady Thornton was a Frenchwoman. She was also a woman of will. People said that her late husband had spoilt her—let her have her own way. Possibly they were right. But they ought to have admitted that it was usually a wise way.

After her conversation with Beaver she committed an indiscretion which set Chubleigh aghast. She ordered her dog-cart and drove over to The Laurels and paid a formal visit on the Peytons.

What took place on that historic occasion Chubleigh never knew—beyond, that is, what was recorded by Miss Chumpet. For, by marvellous good fortune, Miss Chumpet happened to be passing The Laurels just at the moment Lady Thornton was coming out of the front door with Mr. Peyton on a tour of inspection of the chicken farm.

"She seemed delighted with him, my dear," said Miss Chumpet to Mrs. Robson-Brown. "Being French, I suppose she doesn't notice his aitchlessness."

Miss Chumpet was right. Lady Thornton *was* delighted with him. On her return home she expressed a very decided opinion to her son Rupert.

"That man," she declared with conviction, "is no fool."

"No one, so far as I am aware, said he was, mother. All they said was that he had a past."

"Well, I should hope he has, poor man. How, I should like to know, could he have a present if he hadn't a past? And, anyway, his past is his own business, I hope. I envy him his fowls, I know that. I tell you, Rupert, Beaver's an old idiot. I've suspected it for twenty years, and now I know it. His head's full of sawdust, I think. He's doing everything wrong—absolutely everything. Lay! I'm not surprised our hens don't lay. My dear Rupert, he doesn't even keep their feet dry. You should have heard Mr. Peyton laugh when I told him how our fowls are kept. 'And what do they lay?' he asked. 'Not eggs, surely!'"

"Well, what's to be done, mother?" asked Rupert, a trifle wearily. Why is it that energetic mothers seldom have energetic sons?

"Done? We must learn all we can from Mr. Peyton, and start the poultry on up-to-date lines. Why in the world didn't I take a note-book with me? Bless the man, he told me so much that I can't remember a thing he said, except that they must have butter-milk to fatten them, and I knew that already. I'll have to send Beaver round. But that's no use. Rupert, *you* must go. But for heaven's sake don't patronise him. He's proud and rather touchy, I could see that."

Hence it happened that next morning Rupert, armed with a note-book in his pocket, rang the bell at The Laurels and asked to see Mr. Peyton.

## THE MAN WITH A PAST

The young lady who opened the door was profuse in her apologies.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Father's gone up to town for the day. He very seldom goes. What a pity, isn't it? Was it anything important you wanted to see him about?"

Rupert explained. He took a considerable time explaining. For an extraordinary thing had happened. He was there and he was not there. That is to say, his body was there, but his thoughts had gone a-wool-gathering. They were collecting rare fleece from the golden land of romance. Have you ever observed the effect of early sunlight falling on ringlets of chestnut hair? No? Then pass along into the city of pure reason, or pure business, or pure whatever

you like. The city of romance is not for you. Her hair looked almost golden in that light. And her eyes! A modern scientist asserts that the eye gives out light. Admirable scientist! For that discovery you should be given the freedom of the city of romance. Marjory's eyes were brown, with a suggestion of slumbering fire. Rupert had no business to concern himself with any of these things. They were clearly side issues. But—it was springtime, and he was twenty-five.

Youth, under certain circumstances, is not to be relied upon. A thrash was singing in the birch tree behind him. It sang in praise of love, of sunshine and warmth, the eternity of love, the intoxication of sunlight. Cupid may have been hiding beneath the laurels, getting ready his arrows. If so, it was not the first time that his shafts have been mistaken for shafts of sunlight.

"Would you care to have a look at the chickens?" she asked. He dropped from the clouds, or rather from the cloudless blue.

"I don't know much about them," she

added. "You must come again when father's at home. He's ready to talk about them by the hour. I can't imagine what he sees in them."

"Eggs?" suggested Rupert.

She laughed. Bells of paradise! What a silvery laugh she had. Reader, your character stands revealed in the noise you



"Lady Thornton and Mr. Peyton returned from an inspection of the poultry run"—p. 694

Drawn by  
C. Verpillieux

make when you are amused. Is it merely a noise or music? If the former, take your place among the goats. Her laugh revealed her as an angel.

"And how," he asked, "do you like Chubleigh?"

"Oh, Chubleigh's all right. But it's rather dull. You see," she added with a sigh, "we don't know anybody here. I don't think the people are very friendly."

Suddenly a gust of anger shook Rupert. This girl—what was there against her that Chubleigh should turn up its nose? She was adorable. She was an angel. Fathers

## THE QUIVER

sometimes have angels for daughters. They seldom know it. Neither do the daughters—if they *are* angels. Who were the people of Chubleigh that they should ostracise the Peytons? Snobbery—rank snobbery!

"I wonder," he said, as he took his leave, "if your father would come to lunch with us one day? And perhaps you would come too? Mother would be delighted, I know. We can then discuss poultry, prunes and prisms—but chiefly poultry. Would Wednesday suit, do you think? Excellent! We'll expect you at 1.15."

Mothers, as every son and daughter knows, are peculiar people. *La donna è mobile*, sing the Italians, which, being freely interpreted, means that it is a wise son who can correctly determine his mother's wishes.

Rupert had naturally expected that his mother would be delighted to hear he had invited the Peytons to lunch. But, no, she did not entirely approve. She thought she "ought to have been consulted in the matter."

"If I were you, I shouldn't throw myself at them too violently," she said. "You are so dreadfully impulsive, Rupert."

"Well, mother, it was only this morning you were complaining that there were no eggs for breakfast. You ask me to consult Mr. Peyton about his poultry, and when I—"

"My dear boy, I grant all that. But I fail to see that you've gathered any information whatever. All you are able to tell me is that the Peytons have been unjustly boycotted, and that Margaret" ("Marjory, mother") "Marjory has blue eyes" ("brown eyes, mother"). "Well, all this information is undoubtedly very interesting, but—will it enable our fowls to lay eggs?"

This conversation might have resulted in a very pretty tiff between mother and son, had not Lady Thornton, though somewhat of a tease, been gifted with more than her share of humour. She laughed, and the dispute—if it were a dispute—melted like frost in the sun.

That lunch was a great success from the point of view of Lady Thornton. Also not less from the point of view of Rupert. Marjory, it is true, would have been sadly neglected had not Rupert come to the rescue.

Lady Thornton and Mr. Peyton talked poultry from the moment of his arrival to the moment of his departure. Rupert and

Marjory may have discussed the same topic, but it seems unlikely. Music would appear to have occupied their attention, for they drifted to the piano. She played all she knew of Chopin. And when she had finished he begged her to start again.

"Greedy!" she exclaimed, but complied. While she was still playing, Lady Thornton and Mr. Peyton returned from an inspection of the poultry run.

"I do so wish," she was saying, "you would give a lecture on poultry keeping to the Women's Institute, Mr. Peyton."

"Oh, no," he replied hastily. "You see, Lady Thornton, they have treated my wife and daughter so badly."

Pathetic admission! In that little sentence the whole situation was revealed as by a lightning flash. "H" is the most important letter of the alphabet. It stands before the gates of the social paradise, an angel with a two-edged sword, whose duty it is to listen for the countersign.

Meantime Chubleigh gnashed its teeth. What was this but a direct snub to Chubleigh? The idea of Lady Thornton asking people like that to lunch! It was preposterous! It was unpardonable!

Thus matters stood when Sir John Wainright, the famous engineer, went to stay a few days at Greystones. He was an old friend (an old flame, gossip said) of Lady Thornton's. You have, if you are a person of intelligence, heard of him. He built the famous bridge over the Irawaddy, which is the eighth wonder of the world. Experts said it was an impossible feat. But Sir John accomplished it. And he has been doing impossibilities ever since.

Soon after his arrival he was shown the recently reconstructed chicken farm.

"I had no idea," he said, "you were an expert in chicken rearing."

"Nor am I. It's all due to a genius who has settled in our midst. It's rather pathetic. He's a retired engineer; lived all his life in the East. And now, because he has no regard for a certain insignificant letter of the alphabet, Chubleigh is not pleased with him. It therefore visits his sins on his wife and daughter, and refuses to 'know' them. They—that is, the daughter walks about the roads, and Chubleigh looks right through her, as though she were transparent as a spook. It's quite uncanny. Oh, you English, you can be so cruel! Do you know, if it were not for my title the people here would treat me

## THE MAN WITH A PAST

much the same. Why? Because I don't choose to conform to all their silly conventions. They disapprove, but, remembering the title, they say, 'She is French. We must excuse her.' *Voilà!*"

"My dear Lady Thornton, you are adorable!"

"Ah, Sir John, it's easy to see your mother was French. Englishmen do not pay compliments like that. But to return to the Peytons——"

"Peyton — Peyton! An engineer, did you say? How does he spell it? P-e-y? Why, bless my soul, it must be Jack Peyton, who saved my life at Mandalay. A rope broke and forty feet of scaffolding fell, with me on it. I took an unpremeditated header into the river. Peyton jumped in after me. Everyone else stood still with their mouths open. And with great difficulty I dragged him to the bank."

"You? I thought you said *he* saved *your* life!"

"No; you settle these points by the intention. His object was to save my life, but unfortunately he couldn't swim. I pulled him to the bank. He was nearly done for. Good

old Jack! Married, did you say? And with a daughter? How time flies! I always told him that if he'd only polish himself up a bit and master the aspirate he'd rise to any position. But he wouldn't. One of those fellows with no more ambition than a potato; but a genius. He's a far better engineer than I'm ever likely to be. But because I had money and a title officialdom



"Rupert suddenly took her hand and asked her——"—p. 696

Drawn by  
E. Verpilloux

took it for granted that I had brains. Jack was always content with the crumbs. Therefore he got them—and little else."

For a while he was silent, following the thread of old reminiscence. Then suddenly he got up and came and stood in front of Lady Thornton.

"I am going to ask you a favour," he said. "Will you invite the Peytons to

## THE QUIVER

dinner? The people here have ostracised them? Very well. You and—ahem!—I are persons of consideration socially. Will you ask Jack and his daughter to meet me? If there's one thing I detest, it's snobbery. Why shouldn't we conspire to give the people of Chubleigh a lesson in manners? They can do with it."

Mr. Peyton and his daughter accepted the invitation. Although he disliked "Society" intensely, Mr. Peyton could never resist an opportunity to talk about his poultry. Also he was delighted to renew the old friendship with Sir John Wainright.

It proved a most successful evening. Sir John and Mr. Peyton talked over old times. They also tried—unsuccessfully—to decide the debatable point as to whether Sir John had saved Mr. Peyton's life or whether Mr. Peyton had saved Sir John's.

After dinner Marjory played to them. Lady Thornton, who was no unskilful musician herself, was delighted with her touch and execution.

Very soon the report got around that the Peytons were "always at Greystones." Also that they had been invited to meet Sir John Wainright. This item of news was staggering. Miss Chumpet "could not believe her ears." "There must be some mistake," she said. "I don't believe it can have been the Sir John Wainright." But Mrs. Robson-Brown had received the news from an undeniably authentic source.

"They say," she informed Miss Chumpet, "that Mr. Peyton is an old friend of Sir John's, and that years ago he saved Sir John's life."

After this a change came o'er the spirit of Chubleigh's dream. Chubleigh began to regard the Peytons in a more favourable light. At first they were voted "not bad sort of people." Then the daughter was said to be "quite a nice girl, really." Finally the astounding discovery was made that Mr. Peyton was a diamond—a rough diamond, of course, but a diamond all the same.

And with that discovery the ice melted and the Chubleighs began to call. At first they were a little shy, uncertain of their reception. Then they grew bold. There would be three or four callers a day.

After a week of it Mr. Peyton complained of feeling tired.

"Look here, my dear," he said to his daughter, "we shall have to put a stop to this. I don't want to know all these people. Do you? The question is, What's to be done?"

"Shall I tell Mary to say we're not at home to anyone, except the Thorntons?"

"No, dear, no need to do that. I have an idea."

That evening Mr. Peyton wrote a letter to Sir John Wainright, asking his permission to make a certain statement. When he read the letter, Sir John chuckled and replied that he might.

The next week a notice appeared in the *Chubleigh Advertiser* to the following effect:

"Mr. Jack Peyton, of The Laurels, Chubleigh, wishes it to be clearly understood that the motive which led him to save the life of Sir John Wainright many years ago was that Sir John belonged to an 'old' family and possessed a title. Fashionable papers please copy."

The fashionable papers did copy. That advertisement created quite a sensation. For a day or two snobbery staggered under the blow. And Chubleigh attained an unenviable notoriety. No pantomime was a success that season without the comic song, "I'd love to be a Nob and live in Chubleigh."

And once again the Peytons were left severely alone. With two exceptions. Lady Thornton and her son continued frequent visitors. Until one day Rupert met Marjory by concerted accident in Chubleigh Woods on a morning in May.

They talked about the weather—topic of eternal interest to shy lovers—until Rupert suddenly took her hand and asked her—But that is no business of ours. Let us listen awhile to the thrush singing on yonder tree top. So shall our own most sacred confidences be respected.

It is said that Lady Thornton has arranged a marriage between Rupert and Marjory. And if it pleases her to believe that she arranged it, who will venture to say her nay? But the plump little birds that go a-wooing in Chubleigh Woods could tell another tale.





## THE SOCIETY OF THE : : : : SOLITUDES..

By a Naturalist who was once a  
successful Electrical Engineer,  
and Editor of a well-known tech-  
nical journal, but who abandoned  
the prospects of city life for the  
seeming loneliness of Nature's  
Byways

(Illustrated by Harry Rountree)



"I think I could live quite  
happily confined to the  
four acres or so of that  
long-abandoned strong-  
hold"—p. 701

drift from one blind-  
alley occupation to  
another. The players  
themselves are little  
more than equivalent to so  
many pawns: their playing is  
faultless, and the fact that  
each man is always at his right  
place and does always the right  
thing to me renders the whole  
performance even less interest-  
ing to watch than a clever  
machine. Yet it should be borne in mind  
that these men must once have possessed  
a real love for the game, or they would  
never have taken it up as a living—a fact  
which makes their position to-day all the  
more deplorable to behold.

### The Love of the Game

IT is true of most outdoor hobbies and  
pastimes that when one or the other is  
taken up as a profession, it at once  
loses all its charm and romance. To me it  
is almost sorrowful to watch professional  
football. Here we have a great and glorious  
game, that makes our boys into men and  
instils into them a sense of fairness that can  
be won nowhere but on the games field,  
reduced to a level of paid perfection which  
robs the game of an indefinable something  
which is the very essence of British sport.  
Each one of those players knows that his  
very living is dependent on his skill—knows  
too that but a few seasons will see his glory  
past, when perchance he will be left to

Here, then, is one hobby which is killed  
by professionalism, and whether a man  
be a professional footballer, boxer, golfer or  
cricketer it may be taken that, like the poet,  
he was born as such, not made. A genuine,  
inherent love of the pastime caused him by  
degrees to drop all else and devote his life to  
the game which was dearer than all else to  
him. So, when the Editor of *THE QUIVER*  
suggested that I should write, openly  
and without restraint, the reasons why I  
chose to bury myself away back in the  
mountains and devote my life to the study  
of wild nature afield, I told him that there  
was but one answer—because such a life was  
the only one I cared to live.

I have said that the professional is often

## THE QUIVER

a pathetic individual, and so he generally is where games are concerned. Those who follow the pathways of wild nature for a living are, however, anything but pathetic, for the more intimate one becomes with the great outdoors, the vaster becomes the hoard of wealth that nature has to offer. Professional anglers, for example, are a type to themselves, and our rapidly flowing mountain rivers in the north produce many of them. These men live by their rods, out at all hours of the day or night, fishing for trout in the summer and spending the winter circumventing the kingly salmon. When the mist wraiths beat in the alders, when the moon floods the snow-capped mountains with liquid silver, when the dawn creeps down the uplands in shades of gold and purple, they are there at the water's edge. Cold and storm have no fears for them, their whole lives are absorbed in unravelling the mysteries of those laughing streams, and when *la première Octobre* begins to touch their hair with silver they are just beginning to understand how little they know—how little they can ever know concerning those mysterious pathways which they follow. No, life is too short for the student of wild nature!

### So Much for Appearances

The professional rabbit catcher, the professional mole trapper—men of the humble walks of life, yet kings of their own freedom, living as their own promptings bade them live, are following a science as endless as the stars and as boundless as the skies! Very often their mode of living causes them to neglect many of the seemingly important details of life: we see them down at the heel, unshaven, often taciturn in manner; but get to know these men, and very often they surprise you. I knew one old mole catcher who from outward appearances was nothing more or less than the product of tap rooms and rough beds, yet I have sat in his cabin for hours on end while he flung out his arms and recited Bobby Burns and William Shakespeare with an earnestness that bore no taint of self-

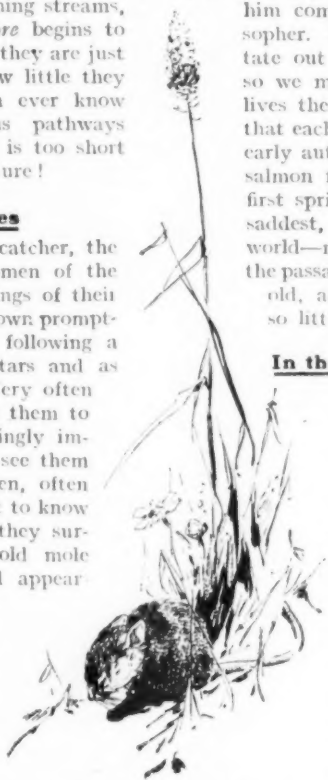
consciousness. This man trapped for his living, and when Dame Nature in her harsher moods rendered trapping impossible, he read the poets and the works of humbler scribes who wrote of the things he knew and loved. I think that he was one of the wealthiest men I ever knew, for all he craved was offered with open hands by the great outdoors stretching endlessly from his threshold, yet when he died he left me the only thing he had to leave—an old whetstone, hollow with age and endless use!

### Sons of the Soil

Quiet voiced, retiring men are these simple sons of nature's soil. The shepherd of the hills, living his life of utter loneliness and isolation, with only the sighing of the wind in the crags and the croaking of the raven battling with the gale aloft to keep him company, is generally a philosopher. Some people think we vegetate out in these wild regions, and so we may, yet in our brimming lives there is but one real regret—that each turning of the leaves, each early autumn spate that brings the salmon flashing up the falls, each first spring call of the curlews—the saddest, happiest sound in all the world—marks yet another step in the passage of time. We are getting old, and as yet we have learnt so little!

### In the Wild

Why have I given up all else to bury myself away up here in the wild? No theatres, no bridge parties, no amusements other than those afforded by kindred spirits whose social strata in life is not my own, and whose society must inevitably pall after a certain point—Why? If you knew the woods as I know them, if you knew all that is to be read from the mouse creeps in the grass, if you knew the real charm of the quietude when the moonlight falling through the branches casts a jigsaw of



"The mouse creeps in the grass"

GWS

## THE SOCIETY OF THE SOLITUDES

silver and ebony upon the scented earth—if you knew the song of the wind in the alders when even the river is frozen into lifelessness, if you could understand how these things become in time as necessary to a man as the very air he breathes, you wouldn't wonder why!

Sometimes, having no choice in the matter, I visit London for a few days. Those are the saddest days in all the year. To me there is nothing depressing in the eternal white, wind-swept desolation of the mountain heights, and the driving rain in the pine wood is a thing of music; but to see the lamplight gleaming on wet pavement, to see Poverty, tired-eyed and unmasked, intermingled with happiness and plenty, is sad beyond endurance! The poor old match woman in the drizzling rain, the soiled little urchin piping in the gutter, the endless rumble of wheels and passage of feet—these things make me long to fling out my arms and cry: "Let me get back to my own dear land, to the silence broken only by the things God made—let me hear the rain in the leaves and the wind in the crags! Let me be alone."

### The Things God Made

No, I left the cities a good many years ago, never to return. Did man build his cities in search of happiness? If so he forgot the things God gave him to make him happy. The woods, the birds, the animals, the laughing streams were made to beautify the world in which we live. They, once, were our theatres and concert halls; and they are mine to-day. I visit one of our world-famous Variety Halls, and the pitiable sameness of the show bores me stiff. In the wild no two things are the same; the shifting sidelights and footlights show the scenes which are ever changing in an ever different setting. Even the corner of the wood we love best, the cloud-wreathed corrie which we consider most our own, change from year to year. One spring the persistent and sullen spates threaten to undermine our bed of daffodils, and we think that our children, growing up, will see naked cliffs where now the daffodils grow. Next spring the river builds up a sandbank towards midstream, which serves to divert the current, and so diverts the undermining process. The bank grows and grows, and we know that in a few years' time the river will

be back on its old bed, where it flowed when our fathers were children. And the daffodil bed will be larger than to-day!

### Something New at Every Turn

And so the sifting and silting goes on. At every corner there is something new—something to observe in every thicket. I placed a little steel washer over a plane sapling by McDiarmid's corner post in order to observe its annual growth, but nature had



"I knew an old mole catcher"

determined to keep her secret. The washer remained at the same height from the ground, the stem expanded above and below it, so that there was no removing the washer. Then the affairs of the nation called me away. When I came back on a visit all too brief, for I had much to observe, I found that the tree above the washer was attacked by some mysterious parasite, owing, evidently, to the restriction in the flow of sap. I went away again, and returning two years later from scenes where human life was shattered away by the merest pressure of human fingers, found that here nature had accomplished her own adequate remedy. Time and rain had strengthened the tree;

## THE QUIVER

time and rain had weakened the foreign substance about its girth, and now the washer, split asunder, had joined the drifting leaves, and the fresh green tree aspired heavenwards unhindered by that which once had handicapped its growth.

### Where the Roe Deer Live

Near to my home is a secluded little valley where the roe deer live and where red squirrels are to be seen daily in the branches. It is one of those hidden-away little corners of the world which nature seems to lay aside for her peace-loving kindred—a place of exquisite beauty at any time of the year, but perhaps most beautiful when the russet leaves come drifting earthwards.

### A World in Itself

This lonely strip of forest is a world complete in itself. Take, for example, the laughing burn that winds its way between the pines and beeches. In the spring of the year insect life of all kinds is to be found among the pebbles and brilliantly tinted mosses that carpet the boulders, and the life history of each insect is a volume complete in itself—were life long enough to study but one of them! Most of these insects hatch from eggs, and for some weeks, perhaps a year, they remain in their hideous larvæ stage, crawling about among the pebbles, a natural food for the trout. Veritable minute dragons most of them are, whiskered and bristling. One gentleman I know went through life parading as a scorpion. There he would lie in the bed of the pool, his villainous mud-coloured tail erect, and if a tiny fish ventured near he would propel himself forward by a lightning flip of the tail, and catch the hapless troutling across the back in the horrible gaping forceps protruding from his face. These forceps were hollow, and presumably designed to inject some poison which immediately paralysed the fish. Then the pump was reversed, the hollow forceps

became suckers, and within five minutes just the skin of the fish drifted away like an empty seed pod! It was hard to think that ere long the hideous beast would crawl out of the water on to the tinted mosses, and there, in the hot sunlight, it would leave behind its ugly aquatic garb and drift away—a gorgeous dragon-fly, a wonderful little flying machine of the sunshine!

Most aquatic insects have a poor time of it. In their egg stage they are fed upon by the Miller's Thumbs; in their larvæ stage they are hunted eternally by fish, water-feeding birds, and insects larger than themselves. If they survive to creep out on to the mosses,

then float away as insects of the air, the birds are waiting for them above, and the trout are ready to snap them up should they fall back in the water owing to the moistness of their newly unfolded wings.

### A Lesson in Self-preservation

There is one insect much relished by birds and fish—an insect which exists in thousands and is, indeed, the chief food of the trout in our highland streams. Yet with foes on every side, how does it survive? If it were to go, the trout would lose their staple food, and nature's method of protecting this species is indeed effective and wonderful.

The female fly is hatched with her eggs clinging to the underside of her in a little separate sack, and this little sack of eggs is so bitter and stringent that no fish will touch her while it is there.

Note that the sack is orange, to attract attention to it, while the fly itself is almost black. As the insect floats down the stream the fish, looking up at her, see an orange fly, which they know is not good to eat. Her wings dry, and she floats away on an aerial honeymoon, then later she returns to the stream, clutches a stone and walks boldly back into the water, lays her fertilised eggs on the bed and rises again—

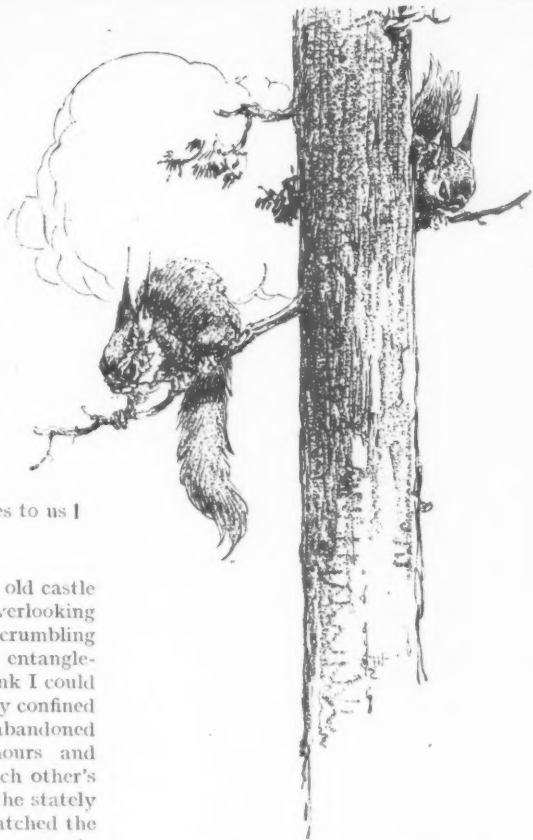


"A gorgeous dragon-fly, a wonderful little flying machine of the sunshine!"

## THE SOCIETY OF THE SOLITUDES

food for the fish now, for which purpose her species was apparently designed! So, by a very simple means, nature preserves a creature the existence of which is necessary to the welfare of others.

There are other insects which belong to the surface—hawks of the stream, many of them, which can swoop down into the depths when they choose to snatch their prey from the bed of the stream—and still others, which occur in millions every ten or eleven years, and are never to be seen between times: a world of unending mysteries, secrets, and charms, and yet this is but one tiny nook of the whole vast hills and valleys which slowly, very slowly, is unfolding its leaves to us!



"Red squirrels are to be seen daily  
in the branches"

### The Old Castle

Then there are the ruins of the old castle high above the pine wood and overlooking the rolling foothills; acres of crumbling masonry overgrown with a wild entanglement of bracken and brier. I think I could live the rest of my life quite happily confined to the four acres or so of that long-abandoned stronghold. I have lain for hours and watched the jackdaws stealing each other's sticks at nesting time; watched the stately herons in the pine ridge below, watched the two tiny falcons which for three years in succession nested on the topmost pinnacle of the crumbling turret. One year two redstarts built their nest in the wall directly below the falcons, flying constantly hither and thither like little tongues of fire. When the young falcons were born—screaming little demons of hunger—their parents were busy flying back and forth all day between the moorland edge and the ruins, and they must have killed scores of titlarks and other small birds in their endless search for food. Yet the redstarts nesting directly below them were safe—as also were the pied wagtails, one of which sat all day on a pinnacle near keeping guard over his mate and her treasures!

### The Unwritten Laws

Wild nature observes many unwritten laws—especially during the days of plenty when

all her kindred are tending their young. It is only when the iron hand of winter is upon the land that her laws are set at nothing—save for the law of self-survival. Those little merlins would instantly have struck down the redstarts or the wagtails half a mile from the ruin, but here, at the falcon's very threshold, they were safe! In the same way the ring-dove will lay her gleaming white eggs on the very shelf below the peregrine's eyrie, and no harm will befall her or her tender offspring. This state of affairs is no more remarkable than is the provision of nature whereby certain nursing mothers of the wild give off little or no scent to betray them to their foes for so long as their progeny are entirely dependent upon them.

## THE QUIVER

### A Harbour of Refuge

Wild nature is never slow in taking over what man abandons, and the castle ruins are today a harbour of refuge for many wild beasts which, save for this sanctuary, would have ceased to leave their footprints on the countryside. Unrelenting and unwarrantable persecution from the keepers led the badgers to forsake the pine ridge and to make for themselves a stronghold deep among the castle ruins. Here no terrier can face them and no digger can get down to them, and the only attempt made by the keepers resulted in hours of fruitless labour and the loss of two terriers.

### In the Moonlight

On still, moonlight nights the badgers sally forth, the young to play king of the castle among the piles of masonry, their parents to nose about after berries and the roots of the wild hyacinth. So great is their habitual caution, learnt by years of sad experience and unjustified destruction, that the badgers choose the very stillest nights for their rambles, so that they can hear a possible foe from afar, and the merest rolling of a pebble sends them all scuttling for earth, not to emerge again—possibly for some days.

If you want to know how wonderfully nature has camouflaged her children of the

night, you should lie among the ruins as I have done, and know by his grunting that a badger is nosing about only a few feet from you—or perhaps hear him sharpening

his claws, stretched to full height, on the very wall in, which you are hiding. Sometimes one sees the faintest suggestion of move-

ment, which might be anything from a drifting whiff of smoke to a hedgehog running about the green sward, for among the ebony, shifting

shadows and the silver patches of moonlight the badger itself is a shifting patch of silver and ebony. Yet if this creature were astray at daytime—which it never is—how conspicuous it would be with its white face markings set off by

the interspersed darker shades!

Year after year the fox den in the sandpit was laid waste by the keepers and shepherds, for in these hills there is no fox-hunting, so that in due course the foxes too sought refuge among the ruins. Each year now they safely rear their pretty cubs, and there has sprung up a new race of mountain foxes which hunt the forest slopes, and seldom raid the shepherd's charges away out on the bleak table-lands.

### The Otter's Feast

Beyond the castle moat a deep round pond stands like a mirror between the silver birches, overshadowed to its very border by stately delphiniums standing sentinel-like in the gloom. A marble seat, guarded by two rampant unicorns, stands at the water's edge—placed there in the long ago, possibly to satisfy the beauty of the day basking at the mirror edge!

In the spring of the year the pond is melodious with the love song of many frogs, and the otters, journeying from the sea by the silver highway of the river half a mile away, hear the faint, thin music,





## THE SOCIETY OF THE SOLITUDES

and creeping upwards through the dew-spangled ferns they too leave their foot-prints on the sand of the castle grounds.

One evening, when I passed, the little pond seemed literally brimming over with frogs; next day there was not a frog to be seen, but the banks were littered with relics of the feast—just the skins and eyes of many frogs, and otter tracks everywhere!

### Teeming with Interest

And so every nook and corner of the countryside is teeming with interest—brimming with strange little histories, all of them wonderfully camouflaged in one way or another. Every tiny pond, every brooklet, every forest and heathered slope, is a book complete—a book of mystery and greatness, with the unexpected at every turn and in every hollow. Each year the salmon come up from the sea—fighting their way up the flashing rapids, leaping the falls; each year the tiny salmon, little larger than minnows, born on the sandy shallows of our highland streams, go drifting down with the blossoms to the sea from which their parents came. The story of their coming and going we know, but the history of their lives is still a closed book to us.

The red deer come down from the heights during the Hunger Moon, to shelter from the upland blasts in the secluded glens and

corries. Their spreading antlers fall to earth and next spring they grow again, yet we know not why nature crowned the deer with an oak tree on his brow! To fight? To defend his hinds? If so nature made a sad mistake, for a heavily antlered deer is no match for one having no horns at all. To defend himself against the wolves which were once chief among his foes? If so, why did nature defeat her own aims by so designing that the king of the herd sheds his antlers and leaves them to rot among the leaves at the very season of the year when the wolves would be most dangerous—the Hunger Moon! His antlers are the glory of the red deer's life, but the annual growth of them is a severe drain upon his strength, and when he has grown them they are of no conceivable use to him—in fact they defeat the very ends for which they would appear to exist. Yet they are there for some good purpose, which some day we shall know, but at present we have merely scratched the edge of a great unsurveyed territory.

### The Great Unanswered

So, from the valley levels to the mountain tops, every acre of God's earth puts forth an unanswered question, and yet we who devote our lives to such things repeatedly hear from the lips of the wise such comments as, "How on earth you manage to amuse yourselves, I really do not know!"





"'You've shot my cow,' bellowed the enraged Mark"—p. 708

Drawn by  
Gordon Brown

## *The Neighbours of Lake Shimmergreen* *A Tale of Two Men, Two Cows and a Bull Moose* By *H. Mortimer Batten*

**O**RBIT WELLS and Mark Naylan were neighbours—that is, in locality if not in good will. They lived ten miles apart, and were the only two white men on the picturesque shores of Lake Shimmergreen. Between them a whole-hearted rivalry had existed from the first. When Mark built a stone chimney to his cabin Orbit went one better and planted rose trees in his garden. When Mark stuck up a wind-vane Orbit, at terrific trouble and expense, purchased glass for his windows in place of whisky bottles built into the roof as hitherto. Finally, Mark capped everything by buying a cow, and, of course, there was nothing for it but for Orbit to do the same.

Since then nothing of moment had

occurred. Orbit's cow ate the rose trees and put her head through one of the glass windows. Mark's wind-vane never worked. Usually it pointed direct south-east, which, as Orbit explained, meant that the wind was blowing from the north-west. And anyway, he would demand, what was the use of Mark's ding-dong wind-vane when one had only to wet one's finger and hold it in the air? Mark, on the other hand, reckoned that rose trees in a backwoods garden were a sure sign of insanity, and would shake his head gravely as he talked at the store about "Poor Orbit! Lived too long alone, he has, and gone bughouse. A nice chap once, only pig-headed and stupid as a mule."

But that autumn something happened to

## THE NEIGHBOURS OF LAKE SHIMMERGREEN

enliven the monotony. It happened first at the store, where two cows were kept and a black Derby bull. One night the bull took it into his head to cast off the bonds of civilization, jump the surrounding fence and take to the bush. So fierce was he that no one dare go near him; the school was closed and the children kept at home. Men carried shot-guns, but the bull was valuable and only to be shot as a last resource. For two days and nights the despot enjoyed his liberty, but on the third night the band began to play.

Just at the time when all respectable citizens were seeking their beds a terrific and terrifying roaring rang through the forest surrounding the settlement. Men stole cautiously to their doorways and listened, timid women and children barred their doors and shuttered their windows. The bull had surely gone mad, for after each noisy outburst there was a thrashing and crashing in the undergrowth, as though a herd of elephants were trampling through it.

After a period of intermittent crashes, thuds, and stifled roars there was a dead silence, then all at once the noise began again, not an indefinite beating now, but the sound of two animals rushing pell-mell straight towards the city. Those who had bedroom windows peered from them, and what they saw in the starlight warranted many breathless descriptions for weeks to come. They saw the black Derby bull fleeing in terror from an enormous bull moose—a moose with antlers like an oak tree and red, glowering eyes. They saw the moose chase the bull in and out between the houses. They saw the latter, in desperation, scramble on to the corduroy sidewalk, which gave way under him, so that he pitched and crashed back into the gutter, while at every opening the moose dealt a slashing blow with his terrible antlers or his knife-edged forehoofs. Several times the bull tried to make a stand, but he had no showing against such murderous weapons, and at last he crashed through the big bay windows of the store, while the moose, hearing human voices, slid silently and mysteriously back into the surrounding forest.

Thus began the career of the noted black-maned moose of Lake Shimmergreen—at least, Mark Naylan asserted that he himself had seen in the Shimmergreen Valley a moose which tallied in size with the many

descriptions set forth. Anyway, the bull died, or rather he was such a mass of wounds that it was necessary to shoot him in the store.

That Orbit should make fun of Naylan's report that the big moose was lodged in their district was only within the common order of things. Such was the neighbourly feeling between the two that neither ever missed an opportunity of ridiculing the other. He who laughs last, however, laughs loudest, and Orbit did not remain long in his disbelief.

One night soon after he was awakened by a terrific crash just outside his cabin, and knew in an instant that some large animal was breaking through the snake fence surrounding his paddock. That was enough for Orbit. He knew full well that the big moose was paying him a visit, for when a wild animal takes to crime of any sort he usually sticks to it. There are dog criminals which take to murdering sheep, and when once they have started there is no cure. There are tigers and leopards which take to killing men, and which continue to do so until the right man meets them. And so the big moose, having picked a quarrel with man's domestic kine, was now a source of danger to all the kine in the district. Wise people knew this, and kept their beasts safely stabled, but Orbit, in order to illustrate how thoroughly he disbelieved Mark's story, had left his own beloved heifer free in the paddock.

Now he paid the penalty. Truly he plucked up courage to peer through the window, but somehow he did not fancy going out in the darkness. Following the crash of the fence there was the foolish little squeal of the enraged bull moose, a dull thud, a bellow, several thuds in succession, and silence.

Orbit lit the lamp as noisily as possible. The moose lifted his magnificent head, wondered for a moment if the lamp were a glow-worm, decided it was not, and departed. He did nothing else; he just departed, dissolved where he stood, as it were, and there was no sound or sign to indicate his going.

Orbit then sang a song in a very loud voice and made himself some coffee, after which he put out the lamp and peered through the keyhole. He decided it was darker than ever, probably because the key was in the hole on the other side, and at length, since all was now quiet, he sum-

## THE QUIVER

noned up his courage and went out, the relighted lamp in one hand and his rifle in the other. Scarcely had he gained the threshold when a dark figure loomed from the blackness ahead with a groan.

Then Orbit forgot which was lamp and which rifle. He tried to hold up the rifle and shoot with the lamp. During the process he burnt his nose, then threw the lamp at the apparition and his rifle high in the air in an extremity of terror. In an instant darkness surrounded him, but, in accordance with the laws of gravitation, the rifle found its way to earth, dealing Orbit a terrific wallop on the head as it fell. It took him five minutes to sort himself out, at the end of which time he discovered his cow, mortally hurt by the moose, standing at the threshold. It was only an act of human mercy to put the poor thing out of her misery, but he did so with a heavy heart.

Mark Naylan had heard the shots in the night and arrived ere the dew was off the trees. He stared at Orbit, then at the cow, gashed down one flank by the slash of mighty antlers.

"Hur!" growled Mark, "so there ain't no bull moose in this country! Nothink of the sort! It's a squirrel what's killed your cow, ain't it?"

Orbit scowled.

"Stop your talk and give me a lift with the beef," he commanded. "What's the price of prime young beef down in the city?"

"Hur!" growled Mark again. "You don't call this 'old squaw prime young beef, do you? I'd rather eat porcupine. Your cow weren't never worth anything alive, and she's worth less dead!"

"Better than your ding-dong old varmint," retorted Orbit, his hair lifting. "I reckon it was an insult to the country when you brought that old scrag along. Now give me a lift to the lumber camp with the beef."

They cut up the cow, loaded her aboard the canoe, then, when the frail craft had scarcely an inch of freeboard, they set off for the lumber camp. All the time they were quarrelling. Mark reckoned that lumber men had stomachs for anything except Orbit's cow, while Orbit remarked that if they had to eat Mark's cow they would require not only stomachs of leather but the teeth of a hyena. In the midst of the argument, Mark, who was at the prow,

failed to give notice of a submerged boulder he saw, with the result that it knocked a hole clean through the bottom of the canoe, and she rapidly filled with water. Mark swam ashore, but Orbit stuck to his craft, and, pushing the boat ahead of him, swam the remaining mile to the lumber camp landing-stage, while all the time his companion jeered and yelled at him from the shore. Indeed, thanks to Mark's activities, the manner in which Orbit swam ashore with his load of beef is a matter of laughable history to this day.

Naturally it gladdened the hearts of the lumber men to see Orbit, his face only above the surface, struggling gamely to the landing with his load, and for the last thirty yards they amused themselves by throwing empty milk and fruit cans at his head. But Orbit landed his load of beef safely, and managed to sell it for quite as much as the cow would have been worth alive.

## II

TWO valuable animals so far had been killed by the big bull moose, and every cow-owner in the district demanded that the despot should be hunted down. But the season for moose was not yet open, and the law does not permit the killing of game out of season. The outcome was, therefore, that the number nine hats of the vicinity put their heads together and wrote to the Mines and Forests Department of Toronto for a special permit to destroy one bull moose which had become a menace to the settlers.

But the executors of the Game Preservation Act were wise. Had they replied, "Yes, you have permission to kill the moose," every male settler in the Shimmergreen country would have shot, in mistake, perhaps, the first bull moose he saw, and thus supplied himself with a goodly provision of moose meat. So the authorities replied, "You must select your own huntsman, and to him we will give permission to hunt and kill one bull moose."

Since everyone had been looking forward to an abundance of moose meat, this reply annoyed them all. Nevertheless, they realized that there was no circumventing it, so they got to work with the ballot.

The two most experienced huntsmen in the district were Mark and Orbit, and it was a toss which of them would get it. In the first ballot, however, every man, desir-

## THE NEIGHBOURS OF LAKE SHIMMERGREEN

ing to fill his own larder, voted for himself, with the result that the ballot was declared void. Next time the votes were inspected as they were handed in, with the result that Orbit was declared huntsman of the district. The valiant Orbit was to hie him forth to slay the big black moose!

Mark's disgust knew no bounds. "Orbit!" he cried. "Why, he don't know a bull moose from a buck squirrel! He couldn't hit a haystack at two rods! He knows no more about hunting than my elbow, and he ain't worth a tintack anyway!"

Orbit's reply to this was to hit Mark over the head with the chair he had been sitting on, and, when Mark in return had thrown the nearest inkpot at Orbit, the chairman, rapping the table with his clay pipe, commanded order.

When Mark was out of hospital he decided to build a cellar. He did not require a cellar—it was merely that Orbit did not possess one. And, while he grovelled underground in the sweltering heat, Orbit,

supported by Government bounty, swaggered about with rifle and cartridge belt as the professional huntsman of the district.

One day Orbit condescendingly decided to visit Mark, and found the latter groveling in a hole in the centre of his clearing—making a cellar, as he explained.

"What do you want a cellar for?" demanded Orbit in superior tones.

"To store my valuables, in case of forest fire," retorted Mark shortly.

"Your valuables!" sneered Orbit. "You ain't got none!"

"I got a cow, anyway," snarled the other, "which is more than you have."

Orbit sniggered. "Starting a sort of cold storage for the beef, are you?" he suggested. "Kind of an amalgamated meat trust! Well, take care of yourself, old son of a gun!"

Mark watched his neighbour's retreating figure. "Mighty big these days, ain't he?" he meditated; "yet he can't hunt for toffee." He fell to wondering how he could induce the men who had voted for Orbit to believe



"Men carried shot-guns  
... The school was  
closed and the children  
kept at home"—p. 705

## THE QUIVER

that the latter was no good as local huntsman, and in the end he hit upon a plan. He would kill the bull moose himself! When he had killed it he would sell it to Orbit at a price little below the local bounty, and when he had sold it, and when Orbit had handed in the head as a product of his own activities, he, Mark, would come out with the plain unvarnished truth. Yes, by gang! He would make Orbit eat humble pie for his swagger.

Orbit meantime went his way and spread the yarn that Mark was trying to make a cellar. "It ain't big enough to crack a nut in," he explained, "and some of you boys had better get along before the walls fall in and bury him. I tell you he's clean bughouse, and knows no more about cellars than my elbow!"

A night or two later, with the gathering of the twilight shadows, Mark drove his cow down the lake margin to a point where she was far from home. He took his rifle with him, and at length, when darkness had fallen, he crouched behind a boulder within sight of the cow and began his long vigil.

The cow did just what he knew she would do. She was not happy amidst these strange surroundings. She dallied near him, sniffing and restless, at times wading far into the lake, drinking gallons of water because there was nothing else to do, then wallowing back again. But these sounds, though faint, were sufficient, Mark knew, to reach the ears of the great bull moose. So he waited in breathless silence, knowing he would have to shoot quickly and straight. Ahead of him, in the starlight, he could just discern his cow, a dark shadow in the darkness. Behind him was the black loneliness of the black forest.

Suddenly a twig cracked fifty yards away. Mark crouched lower, every nerve in his body tense. An excited bull moose, at night time, will charge a man and trample him into the ground ere it realizes what he is. Moreover, a moose, when intent on so doing, can move without a sound through the densest of undergrowth. Again a twig cracked, and again there was silence. Mark was dead sure that the moose was within forty yards of him, when suddenly a rifle shot rang with startling suddenness from the other side of the boulder behind which he crouched.

Mark leapt up, an electric flash-lamp in his hand, to find himself staring into the

blinking face of Orbit Wells, the professional huntsman of the district!

"You've shot my cow, blow me tight if you ain't!" bellowed the enraged Mark.

"Yes, and I'll shoot you too, if you don't blooming well get out!" yelled Orbit.

They made no bones about it. They simply went for each other on the spot, using fists, feet, teeth, stones, branches, anything they could lay hands on. Orbit kicked Mark in the stomach, and had his own ear nearly knocked off with a stone the size of his fist. It was a typical Canadian scrap, and finally Orbit hit Mark over the mouth with a club washed up by the surf. But the club transpired to be a fish which had lain in the sun for over a fortnight. That finished it.

"You may have got the best of it in this scrap," yelled Mark, "but you'll have to pay for that cow, you see if you don't!"

And he did. Mark went to his solicitor, swearing the cow was worth two hundred dollars. And two hundred dollars Orbit had to pay, to his everlasting disgust; for Mark, like himself, had already sold the beef for as much as the cow was worth alive.

Thus, though Mark and Orbit had both possessed cows, each of the two rivals was left now to contemplate an empty paddock.

Mark made a special trip to camp, in order to enlarge upon the adventure at the lake side. He demanded what the boys thought of a huntsman who couldn't tell a tame old cow from a bull moose at thirty yards on a bright starlight night. Didn't they reckon it was time the district elected a new huntsman? Didn't they reckon that he himself was a thousand times better cut out for the post?

No one expressed an opinion, however, so Mark went home in disgust to complete his underground cellar in the centre of the clearing.

When he arrived he found a young Indian sitting gravely on the snake fence awaiting him. After the customary greetings he invited the young man in, and the brave seated himself bolt upright on the extreme edge of the chair, being unschooled in the use of such articles of furniture.

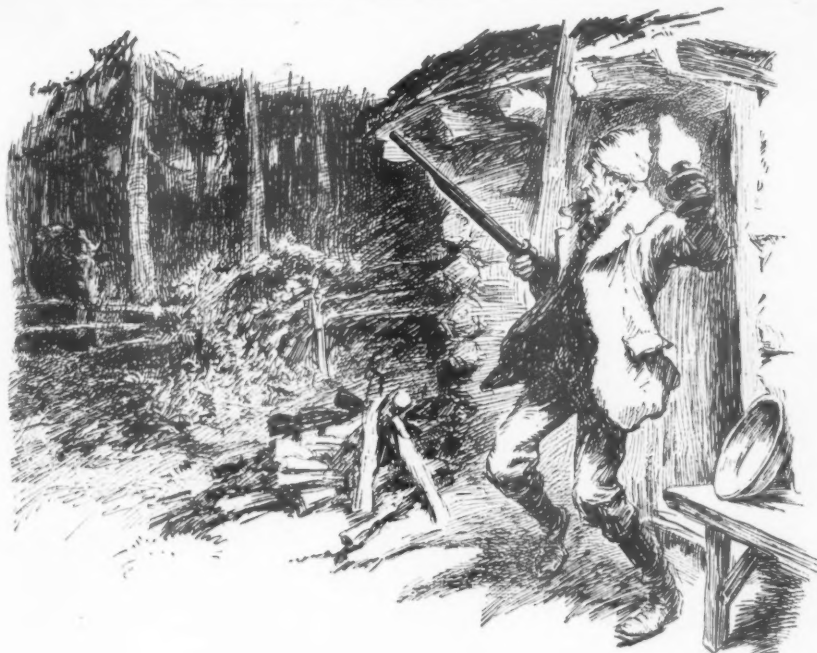
"It is you hunt the big moose?" inquired the Indian in his soft, peaceful voice.

"Yes," lied Mark. "It's me. Me big huntsman, you bet your boots! You savvy?"

The Indian's eyes blazed.



## THE NEIGHBOURS OF LAKE SHIMMERGREEN



"Scarcely had he gained the threshold when a dark figure loomed from the blackness ahead with a groan"—p. 706

Drawn by  
Gordon Browne

"You nothing!" he replied. "You set moose snares everywhere, which the law does not permit. You set snares on my range. I make you pay for it!"

"Me?" cried the astonished Mark. "I never set a moose snare in my life, he shot if I did!"

"Yep," growled the Indian. "You ought to be shot long before you came to this country. White huntsman no good. He sleep all night, when he should be hunting. He set snares in daytime where snares are forbidden. If the Indian set snares the forest ranger send him to prison. Why, then, the white huntsman do it?"

It took Mark a good hour to persuade the young Indian that he himself was not responsible for the snares; then from this simple child of the forest he learnt that Orbit was guilty of so doing. Orbit had placed his moose snares in every runaway in the district—a system which is illegal, and hated by every sportsman, not only on account of the terrible death it inflicts, but because snares are a danger to woodsmen,

especially Indians, in the districts in which they are used.

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated Mark. "I knew he was a pretty low-down cuss, but never thought he would descend to that. You sleep here to-night, sonny, and to-morrow we'll follow him on his round, and when we've caught him red-handed we'll give him the biggest ding-dong hiding—Say, you'll help me hit him, won't you, sonny?"

So when darkness fell the Indian flung himself on the floor of Mark's cabin, and Mark crept into his bunk, both prepared for a very early start next morning.

Though Mark had lost his cow, the smell of her still lingered about his clearing, and that night the big bull moose, prowling round, collided with that smell. It hit him full in the face, as it were, so he stopped, sniffed silently, and proceeded to follow it up wind.

At midnight Mark was awakened by the pressure of the Indian's hand on his shoulder.

## THE QUIVER

"Moose near!" whispered the youth, raising his hand in a gesture for silence.

Mark listened. It was as still as the grave.

"How do you know?" he whispered back.

"Dunno," replied the Indian. "Just know. Listen!"

They listened. Outside there was a sudden crash, followed by a thud, a snort, and a sound of struggling.

"It's—it's——" began Mark, but the Indian suddenly clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Shut up!" whispered the red man. "You scare him away. Where's the gun?"

"Let go!" roared Mark. "It's the blooming moose, and it's tumbled into my ding-dong cellar!"

They hastened out with lamps, and found that what Mark had said was true. He had left his excavation covered with branches

to keep it cool to work in, and the ferocious bull, intent on the scent of the cow, had trodden on to the deceptive structure and disappeared underground. Now he lay wedged in the pit, his great head tucked half under him in an attitude of submission and surrender.

To say that Mark knew he had scored would be putting it mildly. The cellar, which Orbit had condemned as not large enough to crack a nut in, was at any rate sufficient to catch the moose, which for over a month had foiled Orbit's stupid and illicit efforts as huntsman. Mark sold the moose alive for sufficient to buy himself three new cows, had he required them. But instead he bought himself a cow, a horse, and a gramophone, while Orbit, unable to compete any longer, "took up his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away."



The Pride of June

Photo - R. A. Malloy

# My Country Caravan

by  
NANCY M.  
HAYES



## *The Housing Problem Solved in the Little Green World .*

THE clock had just struck spring last year when the old caravan, tugged half-way up the hill by the resigned grey horse, came to rest on the slopes of Nightingale Valley. To the tune of "Ho-oop!" and "Easy there!" "Jack" was relieved of his burden, and the caravan, stayed on the brink of a plunge down the bracken bank, settled its wheels comfortably into the soft turf.

### The Start of the Adventure

There were cheery good-nights from the willing helpers, who then departed, not without some friendly fun at the expense of the new neighbour who imagined she was going to weather the winter on that hill.

"Arl very well for the summer, miss—haw, haw!—but *you* won't see no winter out—beggin' your pardon!"

We let them smile, old caravan, but here since then we have remained, come rain or shine. From the first moment when you loomed into view, with your blistered, peeling paint and your crooked shaft, and your list to starboard, it was written that we should understand one another. You were tired of travelling, poor old rover, and you wanted a rest with a kind owner: while to one who had scoured the country in vain for

a cottage or barn to live in, you were a very haven of refuge. It seemed too good to be true that your owner really wanted to sell you.

### The Perfect Flat

The carrier had deposited on the grass a rolled-up tent and several bulging kit-bags—from one of which a frying-pan handle protruded—and also, wrapped tenderly in blankets, a typewriter. The tent, soon to be erected at its side, went for the time under the caravan, while the remainder of the "furniture"—a cabin trunk, groceries, an oil stove, large scribbling-paper supply, screwdriver, books, crockery and all kinds of odds and ends were stowed away inside.

Caravans are full of hideyholes and secret corners, and mine disposed of all this without a blink. Everything in a caravan has two uses, and designers of flats might well take lessons from it in space economy. The two capacious lockers form seats, one cupboard is of table height (for meals and work), while under the big bunk, in the space where the baby-gipsies were stowed away at nights, the trunk disappears without a struggle. There is a real, if microscopic, oven, capable of cooking minute joints or an infant sago pudding, and a cupboard at its side, with a glass door, is designed for crockery.

## **THE QUIVER**

### **Home to the Country**

By the time everything had been tucked away it was growing dark. The curtains of the little windows were now gathered cosily together, the Primus had cheerfully brewed tea, and, cup in hand, I gazed luxuriously round the little den. A proud thrill may be pardoned to me, a humble



When "the Lovekin" went a-Caravanning

writer of stories—it was my first piece of real house-property.

When I crossed to the door, the creak the caravan gave was not that, I knew instinctively, of protest against weight, but a right comfortable sound of satisfaction and sympathy—of the same family as the cricket's chirp upon the hearth, the singing of a kettle, the humming of bees in the hollyhocks: the sound of a country home.

The tree-clad bank sloped dimly down to the singing, unseen brook, and beyond rose yet another wooded hill, trees black against the blue-dark night sky. Three little stars came out and twinkled down in a friendly silver way as I climbed into bed.

### **A Grey Dream—and the Dawn**

Once upon a time there was a street in London. This street was of a grey colour, like workhouse dresses, and it was always the same, except that in summer there was dust and in winter there was mud. The

sounds in it were shouts, and the yell of the newspaper boy and the creak of the policeman's boots as he walked up and down to see that no one stole other folks' umbrellas. The houses never budded nor put on fresh bark, and the little bit of sky was too discouraged to care much about being blue for spring.

From certain rooms in a certain house in this street each day emerged a figure. It trudged along hard, dirty pavements until it reached a grimy burrow, into which immediately it plunged. Clinging desperately to the end of a strap, it was then whirled along to a place of dashing, threatening motor-buses, of the smell of petrol and of strange, deafening noises, hoots and whistles and the faint thunder of far-off machines.

How delightful to awake and find it all a vanished dream! Outside the birds are tuning up their alarum, and the scent of spring flowers drifts in. A tom-tit perches on the half-door. This way and that he jerks his little head, till suddenly his round bright eyes meet mine, and with a startled flirt of the tail he is off to tell his fellows of this strange new creature in a woodpecker's nest—lying in bed at all hours of the morning.

"Hurry up, hurry up, hurry, hurry, hurry up!" cries the thrush.

The queer neighbour tumbles sleepily out of bed. The new life has begun.

### **The Miraculous Earth**

It's an important realisation for us to make nowadays—the large amount of "necessary" things we can do without and yet be happy: and, contrariwise, what are the vital things of life. The smoke of cities and the dust of competition keep our eyes blinded to the simple natural needs.

But the four winds of heaven have a trick of blowing away the cobwebs of delusion. Here, to want because others want, to do because others do—suddenly it all seems very silly. We are told a wave of extravagance and abandonment has swept over the country. Is not one of the most effectual means of combating it the growing tendency to make open-air pleasures more easily available to the people and to introduce open-air training into the education of children?

Half of us go to our graves without a true glimpse of the miraculous Earth. Myself,

## MY COUNTRY CARAVAN

I have loved the country my life long—for its beauty of form and colour, for its music, its silence, its solitude; its tiny shy creatures whom one wants to tame and caress.

But until I came in my caravan and actually *lived* in this world of grass, trees and sky, I had not the faintest idea of the kind of place it really is—a place where something is always happening, where each day is different from the last, where it is impossible to stroll down to the brook without glimpsing some new strange fact (to me) in Nature, where such multitudinous creatures all around are going placidly on their differing ways, carrying out their varied destinies that, try as I may, I shall never know all their secrets.

To discover the country—it is to be

"Like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

### The Day's Duties

But there is work waiting to be done. The whole house must be cleaned down—the kitchen, the drawing-room the study, the sitting-room, the boudoir, the library,

the hall, the butler's pantry. All the windows have to be polished, all the mats shaken and the dinner cooked. Then there is water to be drawn from the neighbouring well for the washing of dishes, and wood collected and dried for the next day.

### Fires

Camp-fires are romantic creations, and subtly beautiful is the thin, faint wisp of blue smoke curling drowsily up through the summer air. At night it is good to watch the fire-glow on the faces of companions, or, on a chilly day, comforting to crouch beside the blaze and see the bright flames gleam and kindle as one pushes in the fragrant branches. But try the same thing on a scorching day in August, with the sun glaring down, the thermometer at a thousand in the shade and a whole dinner to be stirred, cooked and turned!

In winter the day begins with a fire in the caravan stove, but in summer anything may happen. The day when the stove proves to be empty and you have forgotten to order paraffin is, invariably, warm and



**The Interior of the Caravan**

It looks quite spacious in the picture—perhaps it is because the photographer used a wide-angle lens? But, anyhow, it *is* spacious in the mind of the Happy Caravanner—even if there is no room for visitors

## THE QUIVER

wet. A fire inside would be unbearable, so you fare forth in the rain to your earth-and-stone fireplace.

The water splutters down on the sticks trying so hard to burn under the kettle: you grow very hot and, perhaps, even cross, and the kettle simply will *not* boil. At last, in exasperation, you dash over the tea in the pot a modicum of smoky, unconvincing, unboiled water, and make faces as you gulp down the horrible result, thinking moodily what an annoying morning it is, and how these Labour troubles seem to grow worse every day.

By this time the fire is burning furiously, and you put more water in the kettle and forget all about it. When you remember, and rush to the fire again, the water has disappeared and there is a hole in the bottom of your new kettle. . . .

But, after all, it is impossible to be bad-tempered long when there's a Blackbird singing.

### Work

These small domesticities over, the caravan-inhabitant may, perhaps, inadvertently find herself sitting on the steps, gazing idly at the sky. All manner of beautiful thoughts and inspirations come crowding in upon her. That is, at least, how they appear as they drift in, but the writing of them in cold, hard pencil brings doubts with it, and, finally, the typewriter's brutal ordeal leaves but a few remaining, dwarfed and shivering, while the rest, crushed into dust, blow down the Valley and hide in the brook disconsolately. Vainly is there spread a net of words to catch the charm of this Valley of Nightingales!

But there is an ant hurrying by with its usual irritating air of settling a good example. "Work, work! Close your eyes to the summer's glamour and track the fortunes of other folk into strange unknown ways." You fetch paper and pencil, you scribble hard—and not an ant goes by!

### What Happens at Dusk

The Editor has asked me to tell of the "joys and woes" of a caravan life. To me, there is only one *real* woe—and that a sadly ridiculous one, in cold print. But the truth must out.

At a certain hour of the evening "Old Thingumbob" swaggers bumpily up a

bracken stalk and plunges, droning, into the twilight. Spsss! Ooom! Suddenly in his flight he encounters the caravan. "Spss! Ooom! What's this? A light, too! This can't be allowed, you know. I'll go in and see about it. Spss! Why do so many things get in my way? What's this I'm caught in? Hay? Oh, hair! Bother it! Spsssssssss! What's that noise? Now I'm out of it. I'll flop against the ceiling. What's that running down the steps? Seems in a great hurry. Spsss! Ommmmm! I'll go and see!"

In the winter, midnight candles burn in the caravan, but in the summer someone in Nightingale Valley goes early and healthfully to bed—for the cockchafer is abroad!

### The Rain Comes

After that, a gale is a mere nothing, though gales there have been in plenty. In the autumn the winds rose higher and higher until the nightly struggles of the tent were pitiful to hear. But the stout green ash pole held the strain: until one night there sounded a terrific conflict, and morning revealed a heap of ruins on the ground where the tent had been used to tower. The ancient guy-ropes had been gradually shaken loose, and the proud pole was then lifted bodily from the ground and its lower end dashed through the canvas.

Sorrowfully I dived under the ruins of snapped ropes and torn canvas and rescued tenderly the camp bed put up for visitors, and other furniture which now had to be stowed away, somehow, into the caravan.

This happened at the beginning of the week. On Tuesday it rained and rained. On Wednesday it also rained. The depression in which the back wheels had been sunk to prevent the caravan from sliding down the bank now proved to be full of water—direct invitation to rotting of wood. So on Thursday I borrowed a spade and tried to dig a channel to carry off the water. It was then I made the interesting discovery that the soil of the Valley is entirely composed of bracken roots and rock. . . . I had to return for a pickaxe.

### Snowed In

The shades of evening fell, and all through the night, as I lay cosily unconscious, a soft, gentle rustling went on steadily in the world outside. I awoke in a strange dim-



## MY COUNTRY CARAVAN

ness—six inches of snow was stopping up the ventilators. A white drift had made its way over the half-door—the top part of which was open. I sprang out of bed hastily and peered out on hills and fields of dazzling whiteness. The trees were hung with it, the bracken submerged beneath it. Never before had the weather been so busy in one short week!

Ugh!—how cold it was! When the fire had been lit and the caravan warmed up, the thought of what would happen when that snow on the roof began to melt was certainly troubling. After breakfast I fared forth, crunching a way through the thick snow, to a neighbour's cottage. There I begged a birch broom, and, mounting on a ladder to the caravan roof, brushed off the snow as far away as I could reach. There were deep drifts all round the caravan and paths had to be swept.

No sooner was this laborious work accomplished than a fiery sun came out, and the snow melted in a single day!

### The Mighty Gales from the West

Soon after this began the biggest gales of the year, when all over Britain chimneys and roofs were flying. The caravan, entirely exposed to the mighty winds from the north and west, rocked under their onslaught like a ship at sea. The floors shook, the walls trembled and swayed. The westerly gale seized on the poor old caravan

like a monster on its prey and shook it till its teeth rattled. Sometimes, as, after a suspicious lull, that furious thunder again swept ominously up the Valley, growing louder every second, I would sit up in bed and decide which way to jump when the caravan turned over. . . .

The day following one such gale, as I dipped my bucket at the well, said a neighbour, cheerfully—an old man of eighty—

"So you beant blowed over yet, then? Ev'ry marnin' when the postman comes, fust thing I ses to 'im—'And is that there caravan still a-standin'?'"

After some successive nights of turmoil, when it was impossible to sleep and therefore useless to go to bed, I crept defiantly and sleepily into the bunk, with the challenge, "I'll sleep to-night if the whole thing blows

down the Valley!" And sleep I did, without a stir, though the roof, its constitution undermined by rain and snow, proved a sad traitor. All through the night the rain came through and I found myself next morning lying upon a soaking mattress in sopping wet blankets. There was certainly a chill caught that time! But a sudden return to glorious weather effectually banished it.

### Neighbours and Visitors

The birds have soon grown used to the caravan-nest. Without leaving its cover, I have seen in this little nook magpie, woodpecker, yellowhammer, willow-wrens, tom-



Down the Hill in  
Nightingale Valley

Photo  
Pictorial

## **THE QUIVER**

tits, robins, chaffinches, blackbirds, thrush and, even, in its **V**-shaped flight overhead, a flock of wild ducks or geese. Willow-wrens built within a few yards of me. The dogs from the bungalow often visit, a cat occasionally looks in, and all the winter long, upon my locker, in his grassy ball, Teeny-tail the Dormouse slept his little sleep.

Then, of course, there are two-legged visitors. These generally make a great deal of noise, and talk hard when the caravan-owner (who is anxious to make up for lost time) gives them a chance. They are made to gather wood, and frequently represent themselves as prepared to paint the caravan, dig holes for the rubbish, do mending or all the washing-up—but only too often they end by lying on the grass, “looking lazy” at the sky.

### **Ten-Years-Old Goes a-Caravanning**

But one visitor had energy and to spare. This was “the Lovekin,” owning a whole decade of years, who had travelled enormous distances to spend a fortnight’s holiday with a caravan-auntie.

Each day we dined in a different place—sometimes, when it was wet, inside the caravan or tent, sometimes round by the willow-wren’s nest, sometimes down the grass-

bank before the trees began—but here you had to be careful, or you were likely to over-balance into the blackberry bushes in the very act of pouring out the tea or eating bread and jam. Sometimes we filled haversacks and adventured into far countries.

On very hot days, disguised in mackintoshes and bathing dresses, we crept down through the trees and bathed splashily in the brook. It was a great event when we dressed up as gipsies.

The days, so full, slipped by all too soon. Each bedtime, avoided in thought and action until the last possible moment, must arrive at last, and find us sitting close together on the top of the steps, telling one another fairy stories.

Caravanning is a pleasurable, natural life. There is no smoke of chimneys to steal away the sky, and all around the little creatures live and love and grow whom you know now for the first time, and in the fresh, green world something happens every day.

Caravan and I have grown to love the Valley in all her moods, and, having weathered the winter’s rages, we feel a keener joy in the soft airs and blossoms of spring, like old campaigners who have faced the worst together and now enter the Happy Land of Summer.



**The Wide Sweep of Moor and Wood**

This photo is a bit misty, but it glimpses the charm of the countryside round Caravan-land

# HANDS ALL ROUND

by  
Henry Martley



"This kind of thing is recurrent, and I fancy we used to go in for it in the days of my girlhood"

**D**UNBOROUGH contracts periodical mental epidemics. Since I have lived in the town the inhabitants have at various times suffered from Shakespeare readings, archery, soap-bubble blowing, spiritualism, old English dances, university extension, photography, menagerie races, and natural history. Fashion in Dunborough is infectious, and these attacks for a time are severe, and are occasionally trying to persons of mature age. University extension and acrostics, for instance, rendered natural conversation impossible during the winters when they raged. During the natural history epoch the drawing-rooms of several houses were infested by vagrant animals and reptiles, and one or two temporary estrangements were caused by the careless housing of snakes. But, as

a rule, these crazes run a harmless and transitory existence and are extremely useful to the parents of marriageable daughters. Even university extension led to two happy marriages.

However, I was heartily glad when motor-cycling and the new golf links put an end to last winter's craze for palmistry. Now, I am not going to deny that the science of palmistry has its merits. It is possible, I am told, to acquire a fair working knowledge of it in a week, and,

from a social and nuptial point of view, it is an unquestionably good amusement for young people. I should not have objected in the least if they had bought the little books which unravel the unseen for a couple of shillings, and had held each other's hands, and talked about their pasts and their futures. This kind of thing is recurrent, and I fancy we used to go in for it in the days of my girlhood, at one time, when table-turning was rampant and when hypnotism flourished as electro-biology.

Unfortunately our palmistry was not home-made. It was introduced by an idiot of a woman, named Mrs. Furnival, who was on a visit for the winter to Mrs. Archer, the doctor's wife. Whether she knew that she was a humbug, or was merely devoid of a sense of humour, I never decided. She certainly talked with the air of a minor prophetess about her intimacy with the unseen world, and she gave one to understand that the intimacy was the mark of a soul specially favoured for its purity and sensibility. Her beliefs were very comprehen-

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sive. They included horoscopes and the crystal, and, of course, ghosts; she was a bit of a Buddhist here and there; she attached a mysterious value to tea leaves, and purchased dirty packs of cards from gipsies, but she regarded palmistry as the most direct form of divine revelation.

Before she had been a month in the place palmistry had become an absorbing passion, and she had been elected a local Deborah. Of course, she started with considerable advantages. In the first place there was no skating last winter, and its absence always leaves a place a readier victim to the more intellectual maladies. Secondly, her gowns, which were fashionable, at once attracted public notice. Also, which was even more important, the doctor knows most things about everybody, and the doctor's wife knows everything that the doctor knows, and Mrs. Furnival, as an old friend, enjoyed many breaches of confidence. She thus was in a far better position than the ordinary palmist, who has to pick up information in the course of conversation.

Mrs. Furnival started mildly in the commonplace, orthodox way. Anyone can prophesy one or two obviously imminent engagements in a town like ours. It is fairly safe to hazard the conjecture that the prettiest and liveliest girls have had several proposals, and it is not very occult knowledge that a faint but pursuing damsel of thirty will be pleased at the announcement of a speedy marriage. However, the woman's devotion to her art, and some expressions of scepticism, soon led her to higher flights of fact, and she began to hint at striking episodes in her consultant's past life. They came away thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of palmistry, averring that she had told them "things that no one could have known." Alas! things of that kind cannot exist for a month in a country town. We each have little secrets, not very disgraceful, but sufficiently scandalous to excite gossip and to demand concealment. Some of those memories are connected with the dead and gone, some with the less worthy moments of ourselves, and we do not care to think of them often. We put them away and the anodyne of habit soothes us. Of course, our neighbours and friends do not discuss them, except in private, and we flatter ourselves that we are undetected. But human nature is inquisitive about small matters when it has as little to do or think about as I fear we have.

These little skeletons in our cupboards Mrs. Furnival's revelations set dancing, to the perturbation of our memories and consciences. She told me of one or two little matters which I had fondly hoped were not public property, though I think I can guess accurately the nature of her convincing communication to most of her converts.

Having established a reputation by her astounding knowledge of our pasts, Mrs. Furnival, of course, proceeded to our futures, and her method apparently was to prophesy the entire success of any particular folly after which she knew her patient hankered. Though my husband, till the day of his death, consulted sporting tipsters, I should scarcely have credited the existence of such ready faith, but it was mainly due to her suggestions that Colonel Tomlinson lost some more of his little capital in speculations in mining shares, that the vicar's son married a milliner of doubtful reputation, and that Ernest Trevor threw up his post in the bank and joined a provincial company. These and several other instances of folly hatching were largely Mrs. Furnival's handiwork, but perhaps her most abject victim was Mrs. Elliot.

Mrs. Elliot is an elderly—quite elderly—widow who lives at the Red House. None of us had ever thought her re-marriageable, and if we had for a moment regarded such a possibility, we all knew that she would lose her comfortable jointure by re-marrying; but she must have nursed some secret germs of romance, which Mrs. Furnival detected. At all events, having secured her belief by detailing, as we afterwards learnt, certain domestic differences with her deceased husband, which had been part of our folk-lore for years past, Mrs. Furnival prophesied the entrance of a new influence into her patient's life in the course of the next few months. I do not think that, as far as the statement went, the new influence was to be necessarily amatory, but Mrs. Elliot seems at once to have jumped to a conclusion as to its nature.

The first inkling that we had of the matter was the sudden rejuvenescence of Mrs. Elliot's dress. Hitherto she had clad herself as becomes a widow in Dunborough, but, without any warning or any consultation with her friends, such as is customary among us, she ordered a polychromatic wardrobe from our dressmaker. Here, to a certain extent, Fate revenged her on Mrs. Furnival, for some of the gowns were

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modelled on hers, our dressmaker having devoted several Sunday mornings to a careful study of that lady at church. They did not look so well on Mrs. Elliot, who was some twenty years older, and were, moreover, surmounted by rainbow-like bonnets from the local bonnet shop, whose proprietor has a hearty contempt for any new-fangled London conceits unconsecrated by the sanctity of years. Mrs. Furnival's face was a study in outraged horror when the roseate hues of Mrs. Elliot's imitation first dawned on her, and the event must have lessened the sorrow of the former's departure soon afterwards from her circle of fervent disciples.

Having made full preparations for any emergency, Mrs. Elliot went about with her eyes open for the new influence. They first lighted on the new curate, and it was her conduct towards him that led me to suspect the significance of the change of raiment. He was quite a nice boy, and she was old enough to be his mother, so that I'm glad he managed to escape. She certainly did do her best to secure him. She went through all the orthodox methods of curate - hunting - teas and dinners and slippers, and devoted interest in parish diseases, munificent contributions to the decorations, and all that kind of thing. The poor creature must have been thoroughly in earnest, for I know what an agony district visiting must have been to a person with her fear of infection. He might really have been hustled into committing himself, if Millicent Wetherall had not intervened and taken him out to golf in the nick of time. The young man was not at all like Millicent's future husband, according to Mrs. Furnival's description, and Millicent was among the first seceders from palmistry to golf.

Then Mrs. Elliot, finding herself baffled in this direction, set herself to hunting for another and more satisfactory new influence.

She found it—or him—in about a fortnight. Her pony took fright in the streets and ran away at quite seven miles an hour. Just as she was on the point of bringing her screams to a climax and jumping out, the infuriated animal was heroically stopped by a passer-by. This naturally presented itself to her romantic mind as the psychological moment for the new influence, and she



"The infuriated animal was stopped by a passer-by"

Drawn by  
C. E. Brock

began to yearn towards him. Personally, if a new influence of that kind had come into my life, I should have taken care that the police were a countervailing influence. He was a person who had recently taken a large, dilapidated villa in Dunborough, and no one knew anything about him, ex-

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cept that his name was Macdonald Paunceforte, and that he looked like a Jewish commercial traveller in full bloom. Of course, our set had had nothing to do with him beyond discussing him.

Next day Mrs. Elliot paid a number of diplomatic calls, and with that tact which always distinguishes us in making any proposal, hinted at a social recognition of the man who had saved her life. We, with equal delicacy, conveyed to her that, deeply as we recognized his services, we really could not know a man who possessed no social credentials. When I speak of our delicacy I, of course, do not include Miss Edwards, who has acquired a prescriptive right of what she calls "speaking her mind." She told Mrs. Elliot that she thought a nice large imitation diamond would be a more acceptable and suitable reward.

If it had not been for that wretched prophecy I am certain that Mrs. Elliot would never have revolted against public opinion, for the moral sanction in our town is not to be lightly trifled with, and ostracism is rigorous. But, having arrived at the conclusion that the man was a part of the scheme of Providence for ordering her life, she probably felt that it was, in a way, impious to disregard him. She crossed the Rubicon that afternoon, and her last and most protracted call was on her "preserver." The effusiveness of her thanks must have astonished a man unaware of the ordinances of palmistry.

The affair ran a rapid course. We, having once expressed the voice of the community gently but firmly, were compelled to hold severely aloof, and had to trust to the hearsay evidence of Mrs. Elliot's servants as a source of information, a state of things which we disliked as savouring of gossip. From them, as translated by our own servants, we learnt that Mr. Macdonald Paunceforte was a South African plutocrat of immense wealth—in fact, as Miss Edwards said, a Parisian diamond mine in himself. He was a widower who had come to revisit the scenes of his childhood, or of his honeymoon, or his wife's grave, or something of that sort. That sounded shoddy romance, as nobody in our neighbourhood of primeval memories had ever heard his name before. Also, when we saw him in a week or two driving with Mrs. Elliot behind the frantic pony, we heard that his health was far from good, and that he needed "carriage exercise." Why he had

not bought a carriage or a motor himself, if that was the case, was a question that at once occurred to our logical minds and settled his pretensions. The spectacle was enough to move the indignation of those who had once admitted Mrs. Elliot to their set. She paraded herself in the bravest of her antenuptial finery, and he glittered with jewellery and grease and greasy smiles. They were, as Miss Edwards said, "positively oleographic." The thing was a slur on the society of the whole town, but for a time good breeding forbade direct remonstrance. We could only be stiff, and we were very stiff. Eventually, however, we were goaded beyond endurance, and we held a solemn tea to decide what steps we could possibly take.

The debate was worthy of our best traditions, and lasted through two afternoons and some seven cups of tea per head. Two or three ladies were of opinion that the vicar ought to intervene; but the vicar is a mild and timid man whose only interest in life is the Sarum ritual, and this we felt was scarcely an adequate weapon for dealing with the crisis. Another suggestion was to communicate with Mrs. Elliot's son, who is a solicitor in London. This, however, was negatived, because we felt him to be too good a lawyer to retain much natural affection, and in view of the forfeiture of the jointure he was not likely to offer much opposition. In the end, with some hesitation, we decided to send a deputation, and the choice of the assembly fell on Miss Edwards and myself as delegates.

I had my misgivings as to the wisdom of choosing Miss Edwards, for, as I have said, she is a little lacking in finesse, though gifted with a power of direct expression. However, nobody else was ready to bear the brunt of the attack, and we suggested to her the line which we thought she ought to take. Unfortunately our outline sketch was made on the false assumption that the courtship was still in a preliminary condition, and the interview did not turn out as we had hoped.

When we arrived Mrs. Elliot fluttered in a state of obvious excitement, and in a most objectionable magenta dress. Miss Edwards regarded her with an air of judicial severity.

"I'm so glad to see you," began Mrs. Elliot effusively. "I haven't seen you for so long, but I thought you'd come to-day."

"This is not exactly an ordinary call,"



said Miss Edwards, rather astonished at Mrs. Elliot's expectations. "We've come, as it were, as representatives of some of your old friends."

"Oh, how kind of you all!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot with increasing enthusiasm. "So soon too!"

"We felt," went on Miss Edwards, "that, considering our long friendship, some united expression of our feelings——"

"I've been so wrong, so mistaken lately, dear Miss Edwards," burst out Mrs. Elliot.

"I've sometimes fancied lately that I had alienated some of my friends."

"Oh, no," said Miss Edwards. "It was only that some recent circumstances——"

"Of course, of course," interrupted Mrs. Elliot, who was making Miss Edwards's representations rather incoherent. "I might have known that your silence was only because you saw I was embarrassed."

"We decided last Thursday," Miss Edwards began again, "to show our feelings——"

"Last Thursday?" replied Mrs. Elliot.

"Then you must have seen—— Oh, dear, I'm so glad it's all over now."

"So am I," said Miss Edwards, "if it is all over."

"Quite over," went on Mrs. Elliot with a purr. "I don't think I was ever so happy in my life. And the wedding present of my old friends will be among my most treasured possessions," she continued.

A sudden light dawned over our minds. Miss Edwards for a moment gasped in silence.

"Dear Ferdinand! Isn't he handsome?" pursued Mrs. Elliot ecstatically, taking up a photograph of the bloated wretch.

"Do you really mean to say," exclaimed Miss Edwards, suddenly recovering her voice, "that you have actually promised to marry that brass-plated advertisement of hair oil?"

"Mr. Paunceforte has asked me to be his wife," said Mrs. Elliot with surprise. "What do you mean? Didn't you come to congratulate me?"

"Come to congratulate you?" thundered Miss Edwards. "No, we came to warn



"Do you really mean to say that you have actually promised to marry that brass-plated advertisement of hair oil?"

you against making an idiot of yourself, and it seems we are too late."

"Is this," asked Mrs. Elliot in a dazed kind of way, "some vulgar practical joke?"

"Vulgar practical joke?" continued Miss Edwards wrathfully. "If I wanted a practical joke, I'd put a match to the man, and his oil would burn him to the ground. And you at your age!"

"I can understand," answered Mrs. Elliot, recovering herself, "that there are sentiments which lack of experience prevents you from understanding. Good afternoon."

"Evil communications have already corrupted good manners," snorted Miss Edwards.

"You're too modest," retorted Mrs. Elliot.

"Mrs. Elliot," I interjected, "we came with every friendly intention. We were

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merely going to ask you not to take a rash step hastily, and I hope you'll reconsider your decision."

"Thank you," she said. "I can manage my own affairs for myself. All I have to say is that the next time my old friends have any suggestions to make, or objections to urge about what doesn't concern them, they may, at least, send someone a little more fit for the purpose than Miss Edwards. Good afternoon!"

"Mrs. Elliot," remarked Miss Edwards as a parting shot, "you're a fool. Everyone else knows it now, and you'll know it quite soon. Even the oil that you propose to acquire won't be enough for your troubled waters."

There that unfortunate interview ended, having, I fear, only strengthened Mrs. Elliot's idiotic intentions. She had, however, the decency to keep the marriage strictly private. She was married some fortnight afterwards in a pearl-grey dress, though the bridegroom's wedding garments must have satisfied her recently developed taste for colour. We spoke of her more in sorrow than anger that afternoon at tea.

What followed was providential. Mrs. Elliot's conduct was scandalous, but stopped short of being a scandal. As far as we have been able to discover, our delicacy of feeling having prevented us from doing more than repeating Mrs. Elliot's unsolicited confidences, the events after the wedding were melodramatically commonplace. A discussion on pecuniary matters in the train led to an exhibition of that masterful and brusque manner which Mrs. Elliot had pardoned and admired as the secret of Mr. Paunceforte's success in the diamond fields. The bride was reduced to tears, and even then must have begun to regret her disregard of our opinion. She was unaware till then that the Paunceforte millions were locked up temporarily in consequence of the state of the market—a thing which in our atmosphere of war loans and trust funds she would naturally not have supposed. The loss of her jointure, however, seemed to affect her newly-wedded millionaire rather unnecessarily, and she

was partly disillusioned before she arrived at Euston. On the platform another shock awaited her in the person of a detective, Mr. Macdonald Paunceforte was what is, I believe, technically known as "wanted," and he was wanted for offences which must be a shock to any bride—a series of heartless bigamies. When he married Mrs. Elliot he had, at a moderate computation, fifteen other wives. The shock was further intensified by Mr. Paunceforte's heartless regret that he had been what he called "lagged without bluing any of the blunt"—a remark which had to be explained to us.

The poor woman did herself justice at the last. If she had screamed or become hysterical she might have got into the newspapers and the name of our town been placarded. She took the next train back again, and waited to have a good cry till she was at home.

Our future treatment of her was, of course, a difficult question, but, as I said, her conduct just stopped short of a scandal, and we were all, particularly Miss Edwards, vastly pleased at the immediate fulfilment of our predictions. We left her in quarantine till we were perfectly certain that her evidence would not be required by the police, and then we held a fatted-calf tea. Conversation was naturally a little strained, but we can rise to the occasion when required. We made no allusion to her misfortune, except by kissing her, when she came in. She gulped a little when Miss Edwards kissed her, and that was all.

There are one or two things that still grieve us. One is that the affair may get into the papers after all. Young Mr. Elliot says that his mother has forfeited her jointure by marrying again. Mrs. Elliot says that the marriage was no marriage. Both sides have taken counsel's opinion, and I believe the case is regarded as most interesting by the lawyers—a fact which renders disaster of some kind probable. Also, though palmistry has lost its vogue, and golf shop has now become an abominable nuisance, there is still a fervent believer in palmistry left, and she is Mrs. Elliot.



# The Truth about Smallholdings

What can be Done on the Land

By An ex-Officer

*Summing-up Knowledge and Personal Experience for those Ambitious to Get Back to the Land*

**S**SMALLHOLDINGS as presented to the gaze of the townsman in the non-technical periodical amuse me. They seem like gilded rosebuds. One has only to wait for the ripened petals to drop to find beneath rich reward peppered as from a cornucopia into the farmer's broad-brimmed hat.

## A Ridiculous Imposture

Naturally, this childish ridiculous presentation does untold harm. It fosters the dream of a Utopia untainted by care that is completely non-existent. It suggests a lazy adolescence minus a bullying employer or a slave-driving foreman. The smallholding has, in fact, proved a glowing light to lure many a tyro like a moth to his financial destruction.

Now, in these few pages, I want to tell the truth about the whole subject. I am no writer, yet I shall endeavour to be plain; brutally so, sometimes. For instance, how many people realise that the average leaflet-fed trade unionist would stand aghast if he knew the hours a smallholder works?

From peep o' day till dark it is toiling and moiling, sweating and grinding; one continual race against the clock. On a moonlight summer's night you may see the pocket farmer among his hay or corn. In the winter, when the wind rattles the corrugated iron of his outbuildings, he may be up nursing a sick cow that represents 1/60 of his slender resources.

Once a week he may get the relaxation of a trip to market. On Sunday evenings you may see him in the village church or chapel. For the remainder of his time, seven days a week, he is to be found coatless endeavouring to achieve the impossible—to conquer work that wells up like the water in a sandstone spring.

This is no exaggerated picture. I am

a smallholder myself. The reason I am a smallholder is because I cannot yet afford to be a large holder; but, all the while, set as a beacon at the end of a long, rough road, I can see a pukka farm, which will justify the employment of adequate labour. In fact, it is the prospect of greater things, the fact that I visualise my few acres as a stepping-stone to others, that gives me courage and bids me hold on.

Now, please do not chase away with the idea that I am a pessimist. I am telling the truth. Pessimism is next door to cowardice and . . . well, I was at Paschendale and at the gates of St. Quentin when the Boche *nearly* broke through. Besides, if I were not frank, I should be fraudulent.

## No Easy Task

There is no blinking at the fact that a smallholding is a terrible tyrant of a master. Get that into your minds at once. To attain to the life o' the free, many a young fellow has cut adrift from office or workshop; only to discover on his back something rather worse than Sindbad's Old Man.

But, having written so much, I have done my darnedest to slay the conventional idea that the cult of the smallholding represents an existence of perfect bliss and profit. If I have made this point pikestaff plain we can start square and advance in column of route towards the next phase.

What is a smallholding? It is a farm of from five to fifty acres. In the United Kingdom there are nearly three-quarters of a million such farms. At least twenty thousand ex-soldiers, many of them partially disabled, are seeking to obtain holdings. To secure the tenancy of a smallholding one may possibly touch lucky in the open estate market; though the large landowner is not usually sympathetic. Alternatively, the county councils have

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power to acquire land compulsorily and to let it to *suitable* people; the qualification embracing a knowledge of farming and the possession of capital. The rent of land varies. It may be as low as £2 an acre or as high as £8. Often expensive land—a deep, medium loam, say, sheltered from east and north and convenient for rail or market—is the cheapest in the end. The dwelling-house available also influences the question of rent.

### A Curious Hybrid

This consideration, however, only deposits us at the foot of another taskmaster, Capital; for the smallholder represents a curious hybrid born both of Capital and Labour. Naturally, everything is dependent upon capital for the subsequent development of the holding.

To analyse the relationship of capital with knowledge we must sum up the possibilities of a holding. For example, a smallholding may be virtually a miniature mixed farm. As a main support there will be dairy cows. Milk will be sold to a co-operative society or a house-to-house round established. To feed the cows, roots will have to be extensively grown and corn for straw. One horse, at least, will be necessary.

It would require a capital verging upon £100 an acre for such a holding to-day. Cows are scarce and dear; and so are dairying utensils. £2,000 would be little enough; and would leave the holder but a fraction in reserve to face a trying season. Only those of great experience, farmers' sons and the like, should aspire to such a holding as this when commencing.

The moment animal stock enters into the question the smallholding literally devours capital and fosters financial risk. Sheep, of course, demand a wide, open range, and are out of court where a smallholding is concerned, except where they are taken in as hurdled guests from a big farmer to eat down the stumps of brussels sprouts or some such crop.

Goats may be made highly profitable in supplying milk for home consumption, but are not usually kept as a direct source of income. As for cows, one of the animals is not sufficient, for her dry period has to be faced; and, in any event, one cow would call for three acres to provide her with winter feed and summer grazing.

Beyond the tabloid farm, we come to what may be termed the smallholding proper—a tiny parcel of land laid out with brains and imagination so intensively that it will produce profits from poultry, fruit, flowers, vegetables, pigs, rabbits, bees and a dozen other items. One of them may form the main object and the others side lines. In any event, each should be placed in a separate business compartment with its own system of accounts. Then, if it fails to pay its way after fair trial, it should be scrapped ruthlessly.

### Pigs

So far as pigs are concerned, I rather like the old pre-war cottager's outlook on these animals. Each spring he bought a piglet and regarded it solely as his savings bank. Every week the animal's increasing appetite demanded an expenditure of a shilling or two on meal, which he was forced to provide in fat times and in lean ones. At the close of the creature's existence, he had his shillings back, plus adequate interest and some reward for his labour; with the money he bought another pig and his annual suit of clothes. Certainly the store pig as a living depository for enforced savings is a profitable proposition. And, if the pig dies—well, to this day in some parts of the country, a person so afflicted goes to the parsonage and has a "brief" written with which to make a house-to-house collection. In fact, I can remember occasions when the amount collected exceeded the worth of the pig!

Still, apologising for the digression, the breeding sow is an essential part of any smallholding. She may quite conceivably bring up twenty little pigs a year for several years. She will be the means of turning a good deal of waste products to utilitarian purposes. If she is wisely fed and kept scrupulously clean there is little to fear from disease.

But, from the contemplation of more ambitious holdings, I would wish now to show you the humble little place that really forms the subject-matter of this article. It consists of five acres of rather heavy soil on a sun-swept plateau. I held it before the war; and, whilst I moved up and down the fighting front in one of the Light Divisions, my fruit trees grew. Indeed, beyond the results inevitable to

## **THE TRUTH ABOUT SMALLHOLDINGS**

partial neglect, the land was ready for a serious start on my return to civil life.

As a means of eking out my small Army pension I find the holding ideal. It is capable of producing £200 a year at present; and should earn more with subsequent development if prices do not drop too much or foreign competition become too keen with the stabilising of shipping. Certainly a turnover of £75 an acre is not too much to hope for; two-thirds of which should represent profit if no direct charges be made for the smallholder's own labour or that of his wife, which will be unceasing. The whole question is wrapped up in pure intensification; and the coming of glass houses with which to feed the open ground should tell a golden tale.

Briefly, there are four main threads of activity. Three of them embrace the growing of fruit, flowers and vegetables. The fourth is concerned with poultry. My pure side lines—"Betsy," a young breeding sow, the bees, the rabbits and the goats—I shall touch upon as being both profitable and interesting, but only as lesser items on the bill of fare.

### **Marketing the Produce**

So far as marketing is concerned, I am wonderfully placed. Around me I have large growers who transport my produce direct to Covent Garden and sell it. A commission of ten per cent. covers loan of packing-boxes, carriage, salesmanship, everything—and the cheques in settlement roll up in the early days of each month with faithful regularity.

At the same time, whilst recognising my good fortune, I do not consider that a small grower less favourably placed need be deterred. In every market there are commission salesmen who are always on the look out for fresh business. There may be black sheep among them as there are in every fold, but usually they are keen business men willing to help a grower with advice and to give him a straight run for his money. As a matter of fact, most of these salesmen provide carriage paid the packing receptacles, expect the grower to pay carriage on the goods, charge him ten per cent. commission and send cheques weekly. Similar salesmen are to be found in meat markets when it comes to selling poultry and table rabbits.

### **Three Acres of Orchard**

To deal now with the fruit on my holding. I have about three acres of orchard planted with standard apples, plums and pears. Beneath the trees there is grass that, by the judicious use of basic slag and the employment of harrow and roll in season, yields a yearly crop of hay. This hay is sold standing for about £12, the farmer who buys it cutting, making and carting it away. No stock is allowed in the orchard from the beginning of April until the grass is clear at the end of June. For the remaining nine months ducks and other poultry roam at will over the herbage, and the goats are tethered at a safe distance between the trees.

The orchard has been planted about nine years, and is really only just coming into useful bearing. "He who plants pears, plants for his heirs," so naturally I have had but little return from this outlay. The apples—Warner's King, Peasgood's Non-such and Lane's Prince Albert, three good market sorts—are bearing well. The plums—nearly all Victorias, with a sprinkling of greengages—yielded at the rate of 112 lb. per dozen trees last season.

Eventually, I shall have another drift or two beneath the rows of trees in the orchard ploughed up and plant bushes, mostly gooseberries. It is wonderful the profit to be earned from this small fruit. In my own case last year I began picking the immature berries on May 16th, and continued marketing until nearly eight weeks had elapsed with a steady sale all the while until the last large, ripened fruit had gone. Then I reckoned up, and to each bush could credit 3s. 7½d. Seeing that the bushes are planted 6 feet apart all ways, and that they cost one shilling apiece at a nursery, they are quickly profitable.

### **The Surprise of Blackberries**

Currants, in my experience, do not pay so well; nor strawberries. Raspberries, however, when neatly packed in their own leaves in "handle" baskets, sell handsomely, and grow under trees into the bargain. My greatest surprise, though, has been blackberries, of the variety Wilson, Junior. Last season, daintily offered in 1 lb. punnets, the earliest consignments made one shilling; later ones fetching tenpence. The briars are trained roughly to a wire fence and manured each autumn.

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The price of Cox's Orange Pippin apples is well known. They may be brought quickly into bearing when planted as single-stem or "cordon" trees. In fact, the ideal way of intensifying fruit culture is to have row upon row of cordon fruit trees trained to wires, with flowers down the alleyways.

Turning to flowers, it would be a revelation to the amateur could he but know the money to be earned from this most delightful of occupations. It is giving away no secrets to say that there are firms of flower-growers not far from London whose wages bills run to £500 a week and even more; and whose wares are sold in the markets of Inverness, Belfast and Plymouth, as well as Covent Garden.

### **What can be Done with Flowers**

In my own small way I have sold flowers as widely divided as white arabis and rambler roses, London pride and Solomon's seal. Still, one of the first points to be realised is that there are fashions in the cut-flower markets, the foibles of which must be understood and, if possible, anticipated. For example, where a few years ago no one would buy montbretia as a cut flower, last August Harrod's and other great flower-shops were offering the blooms daily. In the same way, a few years ago, tall, gay antirrhinums were eagerly snapped up by buyers; yet last season one could not give them away, and many growers lost heavily in consequence.

With the cut-flower business as it concerns plants raised in the open, the wisest plan is to grow a few varieties thoroughly well. Little trial patches may be utilised for the purpose of experiment, but the commission agent looks askance at odds and ends of that and this, however good; his whole idea being to trade in bulky, uniform consignments.

The chief factors in prosperity with cut flowers are to grow varieties that are distinctive in colour so that they show up nobly on a stall, something that will last long in water, something that is not too small nor yet cumbersome, something that is grown a little bit better than anyone else grows it.

The potentialities of vegetables as profit-earning crops are too well known to need recapitulation here. With potatoes fetching ten guineas a ton, as they did last autumn,

and cauliflowers at sixpence and eightpence apiece, it stands to reason that the market-garden section of a smallholding should, with ceaseless toil, pay its way.

In my own case I have tried so to plan the vegetable crops that they equalise not only labour, but also receipts, at those times of year when fruit and flowers are at a discount. Maincrop potatoes, for instance, will bring home many a useful cheque when the final flowers of the season have faded, or when the last apple has been trundled off to market. In the same way, brussels sprouts and savoys, parsnips, leeks and rhubarb will fill up days in dull times.

So far as poultry goes, Aylesbury ducks pay best for table, and Runner ducks for laying. For the open runs I have buff and white Orpington fowls, good alike for eating and for egg production. For the intensive houses—dinkie parlours for poultry—I have white Leghorns and Anconas. The rabbits, kept on grass on the Morant system in spring and summer, are Belgian Hares and Flemish Giants. As for the bees, apart from their honey, they fertilise both fruit and flowers.

### **Real Hard Work, but—**

If I have painted too glowing a picture I am sorry. All this represents real, genuine, primeval hard work. As a matter of fact, I see in the smallholding a return to social conditions of other days. And, with all the hard graft for man and wife, the need of success is hardly to be judged entirely by income in hard cash, but rather by what the holding can contribute to the daily needs.

On the average holding there should be milk and butter from the goats, and poultry produce in plenty; rabbits for table; fruit and vegetables of every kind in season. To all intents and purposes the place should be self-contained and self-supporting; and from the surplus that is sold should be obtained clothes, imported goods and like commodities that are not of the countryside.

For such as myself, with a small pension and the knowledge of many years behind me, a holding is ideal, especially if it can lead to a big farm. To start a holding with stinted capital, with no pension, or with scanty experience in the hope of entering a life of ease would be to book a cheap passage towards purgatory.





# The LOOP OF GOLD

by  
David Lyall

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

JACK SHERSTON, who has "done his bit" in Mesopotamia, comes home glad enough of the good old grey of London streets, and eager to meet his wife. It is three years since he married pretty Winnie Tebbit, and though she had kept up a fairly faithful correspondence, still it is difficult in absence to maintain that complete fusion of interests which is the essence of happy marriage.

He comes home, and drives straight to the flat where Winnie lives—to find that she has gone to the theatre with her chief, Major Perry Butler, of the War Office! He follows her, and is none too pleased to meet her, after the performance, with her officer friend. However, they go off home to the flat, and Sally Withers, who has been sharing the "home" with Winnie, conveniently finds an outside engagement that leaves the pair together. Next day Sherston visits his own people. He finds that his father's business is failing, and that his parents intend moving into the country. They can do nothing for him, and he must start all over again for himself. He meets his wife, by appointment, for tea. "Well, and what are they going to do for you now?" asks Winnie.

## CHAPTER V

### A Talk about the Future

SHERSTON looked across at the piquant face, noting the hardness of the expression rather than the attractive features on which his thoughts had been so often focused during his long absence.

She had gained in looks, in a certain superficial kind of refinement, was better dressed, more assured, yet he missed something. The sympathetic womanliness had gone, or at least she was not showing it to him as on that unforgettable night in the Corona Hut where he had met her first.

"They can't do anything for me," he answered in a quiet, direct voice.

It did not occur to him either to evade the question or to return any other but a truthful answer. He was man enough to realise that the best and quickest way out of most of the difficulties of life is to face them.

Winnie went on steadily pouring the tea, put in the two saccharine tablets provided in place of sugar, and passed him his cup.

"The muffins are good here, and I don't believe you've had a good lunch."

"Oh! yes, I had. I lunched at Murray's. I don't suppose you know Murray's?"

"I don't. What is it? A man's club? Sounds like that."

"No; it's only one of the good old sort of chop-house; but it's gone off like everything else. Where do you usually feed in the middle of the day?"

"That depends," she answered, but did not say on what it depended. "Well, and so they won't do anything for you? Pretty measly of them, I think. What's the racket now?"

Winnie's language, if not very elegant, was at least forcible and left her listener in no doubt as to her meaning.

"There isn't any racket. They're down on their luck, same as the majority of folks. The business is *napoo*, Win."

"What!" The monosyllable fell rather shortly and sharply from her lips. "It can't be. Why, you led me to believe—that is I thought—it was a top-hole business where thousands could be made. They live well out there at Putney and have four servants. Where did the money come from to keep up that show?"

"While the business was running, in pre-

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war days, and before my father's partner died, it was all right, and the expenditure was quite justified. It was an export business. Well, you can easily grasp the fact that the war killed it."

"For the time being possibly—" said Winnie with a kind of cool shrewdness which struck Sherston rather unpleasantly. "But it can be revived again. There must be a big connection. It can't all have gone bust in such a short time. I should make the old boy hold on until you get established in it."

"He can't—he hasn't got any money."

"Not any money at all?" she asked blankly.

"Well, none to speak of. Only just enough to keep him and my mother quietly in the country. They're selling Vale House and expect to clear out of London at next quarter-day."

"Oh, my hat!" repeated Winnie, and took a big draught of tea as if feeling in need of support.

"There was no word of this last time I was at Putney, but that's four months ago. Does Grace know anything about it?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her yet."

"Shouldn't think she knows. At least, she hasn't parted with any of her swank," said Winnie rather viciously. "I saw her the other day. She looked at me as if I were no class, and I returned the compliment. I'm a cut above her in the office, anyhow, and she jolly well knows it."

The innate vulgarity which made his wife parade such cause for grievance hurt Sherston merely because he happened to notice it for the first time. When they had been away alone together on their brief honeymoon every word which fell from her lips had seemed like a pearl of price. He had laughed at her naive sallies as if they were brilliant wit; now they only bored and irritated him, and the state of his own feelings appalled him.

"It's a matter of no consequence whether Grace knows or not. The matter only really affects us," he said dully.

"So you're landed, stranded with arrears of pay, no job, and your people stony broke. Nice prospect for us, isn't it, Jacky?"

She stared steadily across the table into his face, a little mercilessly he thought. For a moment he had no answer ready.

"You were talking very tall last night about my chucking my billet; of course, it's

out of the question now. I'll hang on to it till the crack of doom, if I can. But what are *you* going to do?"

"Why, look for a job, of course," he said courageously. "It's only a temporary setback. My father has some influence in the City still, and when all the strings are pulled something will turn up. Don't worry about it, dear."

"Oh, I'm not worrying. I can keep myself. I've been used to it. The future hasn't any terrors for me. Perhaps you'll have to emigrate, Jacky. Major Butler was talking this very day about some big scheme of land settlement abroad for demobbed soldiers."

"I'll try England first," said Sherston dryly, feeling annoyed at Perry Butler's name being dragged into the conversation.

"Yes, of course; why not? But from all accounts there aren't many jobs. Both Sally and I know heaps of nice boys who can't get anything to do. Rotten shame, I call it. But haven't you made any pals among the red tabs? Haven't you *anybody* who will do anything for you or give you a decent leg up?"

Sherston shook his head.

"I'm not begging for charity, my dear. I can work; and I'll get work, never fear! I'll start to-morrow."

She reflected a moment carefully.

"I suppose they haven't refused you house room at Putney?" she said then.

"No; but my father asked me to go home to-night."

"But not your mother?"

"She hadn't a chance, you see. I was supposed to be waiting to have my lunch in the morning-room till her women guests had gone away."

"My hat, but you are a queer crowd! Why in heaven's name couldn't she take you in to lunch among them? Is she ashamed of you?"

"I don't think so. It was my doing. I thought that instead of waiting there for a couple of hours till my mother was disengaged I'd pop down to the City and look my father up."

"I see. And he was more civil and invited you back to the parental fold—a good thing, for, of course, Sally will be back to-night, and we can't send her out after an imaginary aunt again."

"Certainly not—but, Winnie, when I get a job, don't you think we might persuade Miss Withers to pass her interest in the



"In spite of the grave problems at the back of his mind, Sherston joined in the peals of laughter his awkwardness occasioned"—p. 732

Drawn by  
H. Coller

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flat over to me? I'll buy what furniture belongs to her and relieve her of her share of the rent. It would do us perfectly well until we are able to take something bigger."

"It would. But I don't know whether Sally would be willing, and, anyway, it will be time enough to suggest it to her when there is a prospect of your being able to pay her 'out.'"

Winnie uttered these home truths quite calmly and without embroidery, not aware of any reason why she should shirk or camouflage them. She was a very wide-eyed young person indeed; not afraid at any time of calling a spade a spade. She wished now with all her heart that she had not made a war wedding. She might have argued with perfect truth that she had gotten nothing out of it at all. The grave-faced soldier sitting opposite to her was no longer a hero of romance embodying all kinds of wonderful possibilities, but merely rather a tiresome person who considered that he could exercise jurisdiction over her.

Already Winnie had made up her mind that he should not be allowed to interfere too much with her personal liberty. She was also determined that Perry Butler should not discover just yet that he had returned. She had made up a beautiful romance about her absent husband, representing him as on the Staff somewhere in the Far East, a wonderful and indispensable person who would return some day covered with medals and glory, and bear her away to splendid heights. Butler had been duly impressed and had not been sharp enough to discern that the man in sergeant's uniform waiting at the door of the theatre was the real workaday husband.

"It's half-past six and they're waiting to clear for dinner," she said presently. "I'll pay, Jacky—I'm pretty flush just now."

Sherston took no notice but summoned the waiter and paid the reckoning.

"What'll we do now?" she asked, pausing in the middle of the lounge and looking at him rather helplessly.

"What do you usually do in the evening?"

"I go home when my day's work's done, and if I haven't an evening engagement, Sally and I stop in the flat and mend our clothes and talk shop."

"Have you an engagement to-night, then?"

"No; I couldn't make one as you are here. You'd better take me home, and per-

haps Sally will cheer us up. I've got the blooming hump—that's what I've got. But won't your people be expecting you to dinner?"

"That's a matter of no consequence. I'll take you and Miss Withers out, if you like."

The suggestion mollified Winnie, but she regarded his uniform with some disfavour. It was surprising how her estimate of the differing degrees of khaki had altered since that night in the Corona Hut.

"Sounds rather nice. But it's saving your money you ought to be. A taxi too! Well, I'm glad of it. I don't feel like the humble 'bus at this minute, and they're all crowded at the rush hour."

They got into the taxi, and in one of the darker streets Winnie permitted him to kiss her; but there was very little warmth about the caress and no kind of joy in their hearts. When they reached the familiar door the glow in the fanlight indicated that the other partner in the little *ménage* had arrived.

"Hallo, Sal!" called Winnie through the keyhole while Sherston was fumbling for her latch-key she had left him.

"Righto!" called the voice from within, and presently Sally threw open the door.

"Bless you, my children!" she said, lifting her hands in mock benediction. "I was wondering when I should see the light of your countenances. Well, how's things?"

"Things are pretty rotten, on the whole. Did you have a good night with your sainted aunt, Sally? Oh! but I'll have to be looking after you, old sport!"

Sally laughed, but her real interest was focused on Sherston, whose face scarcely brightened at the badinage which can be really enjoyed only when hearts are light and care free.

"Have you anything on to-night, Sally?" Winnie asked when they entered the little sitting-room.

Sally shook her head.

"Jack is asking us out to dinner."

"Oh! don't let us go out! Let us celebrate here. There's half of a pigeon pie in the larder. Let's show Mr. Sherston how bachelor women live. I'm sure it would be good for him."

It was a happy inspiration on Sally's part, and met with Winnie's partial approval. She had given up rather a tempting engagement on account of her wifely duty, and the prospect of merely sitting and talking over what at the moment appeared

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to be a very dismal future did not make much appeal to her volatile nature.

She took off her things, put an apron over her office frock, deciding that the occasion did not justify making a change, and they set to work to improvise the meal.

Sally, who had an almost uncanny gift of intuition, was quite well aware that all was not as it should be between her pal and the newly-returned husband. Nor was she greatly surprised thereat. Winnie's attitude of mind and remarks on a possible future combined with certain actions of hers during the last three or four months, had not tended towards the solidity of married happiness. She had been caught in the maelstrom of irresponsibility and impatience of control which is part of the deadly aftermath of the war. But Sally, a cheerful optimist, and fully aware of Winnie's sterling qualities, had no doubt but that she would ultimately settle down. If she could do anything to forward that happy day, or even to stand in the lot and redeem it, she would do it cheerfully.

Sherston felt his gloom melting away in the merry happy-go-lucky atmosphere which presently began to thaw and envelop him. Although a somewhat serious young man, he was not naturally a gloomy one and was still young enough to enjoy a rag. He entered into the spirit of the feast, and when Sally proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a neat and rather witty little speech he rose to reply with a smile in his eyes and on his lips.

Over the cigarettes, of which he had brought a fairly ample store back from Cairo, Winnie broached the subject of the flat.

"Jack thinks you're going to turn out permanently for him, Sally; give up the comforts of the home for the perils of the landlady once more. How does the proposition strike you?"

Sally paused for a few seconds before she answered calmly:

"Obviously it's the only thing to do. 'Barkis is willin'.' How long notice do I get?"

Sherston turned towards her gratefully.

"It seems an awful shame, Miss Withers."

"My name's Sally to a pal, the same being you," she interpolated, nodding her little head in friendly fashion across the table to him.

"Well, Sally, thank you very much," he

said gratefully. "Winnie hasn't had time to tell you, but as you're such a good pal to her, and going to be to me, I hope," he added, with a touch of the Sherston old-world courtesy, "it's due to you to know that we're going to have a bit of a fight to get going in double harness. There doesn't seem to be much left to hold on to in this London of ours now. I expected to go back to my father's business, but he's winding it up; it's beyond all hope or power of getting going again. It needs more money than we can raise. And I'm not sure, anyway, that it might even then turn out to be my line of things. I'm going to strike out a new line. Of course it'll take a little time. I've got enough to carry on with here for a while until I find just what I'm looking for. Winnie and I want to be together, of course——"

Winnie's face was turned away at the moment, and Sally could not see her eyes, these mirrors of the soul which flash the truth out sometimes even when we would hide it.

"If there is any other arrangement you could make and let me take over from you here, why, we should owe you a deep debt of gratitude, shouldn't we, Win?"

"Imph!" said Winnie through her teeth as she bent to knock the ash from her cigarette into the fireplace.

Sally glanced round the little room which, though meagrely furnished, was adequate, both for the available space and the uses to which it was put.

"What belongs to me and what to you, Win?" asked Sally. "I've forgotten. Oh! yes, I remember buying the settee in a little bunk off the High Street, Notting Hill—two ten I gave for it—a bargain. You'd have to pay three or four times that amount now."

"I'll only buy your things at the market value," said Sherston firmly. "We'll have somebody in to value them."

"Oh, my sainted aunt, what a wholly unnecessary fag!" cried Sally airily. "I don't want to make off a pal. I'm not a Missis Shylock. Two ten and five bob thrown in for bringing it; that's what I had to pay extra. The chintz cover is Win's. Perhaps you haven't noticed that it's the same as your mother's drawing-room covers. Didn't you say that, Win?"

Sherston hadn't noticed, but now he looked at it interestedly and recognised the birds of paradise poised on impossible

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boughs in a forest of strange hue. The thought that Winnie had carried the idea from Vale House pleased him, but her face was persistently turned away, and it suddenly occurred to him that the conversation was merely a duet between him and Sally, and that Winnie was standing wholly aloof.

"You're not saying anything, Winnie. Don't you think it is very good of Sally to be treating us like this?"

"Yes; but Sal's that sort—always been. Fix it up as you like; it's all one to me. Of course it isn't my idea of married quarters, but then, nobody ever gets what they want in this world."

"They'd only be temporary, of course," said Sherston eagerly. "And then, when we get a real house," he added, turning eagerly to Sally's happy little face, "we'll have a chance of showing our gratitude to the best pal in the world."

"If we're not all in kingdom come before it comes. It'll be the millennium," said Winnie with a yawn as she threw the burnt end away. "Turn on the gramophone, Sal, and let's have a little hop. Can you jazz, Jacky? If not, we'll teach you. Sal and I practise all the new steps here, don't we, Sal?"

"Where did you get the gramophone?" asked Sherston, regarding with interest a rather fine hornless cabinet standing on a little table in the corner.

"Came from the same show in Notting Hill High Street, didn't it, Sal? I forget. We gather them up, like the blessings, one by one," she added, breaking into the lively air of a Salvation Army tune which she had often heard in the old days in the Brixton High Road.

"We've got to clear first, haven't we, Win?"

"I'll lend a hand," cried Sherston, jumping up, and, piling the things on the tray, he carried them into the scullery.

"Just wash up while you're at it, you two," called Winnie's voice in an interval between the records, "while I get him warmed up in here."

Sally smiled at Sherston, and Sherston smiled back.

"Too bad, Mr. Sherston."

"My name's Jack to a pal," he reminded her, and she smiled again.

"Well, go and talk to Winnie; I'll soon put this through."

"No, no. Win's quite happy with the

gramophone, and I want to earn my supper."

"My hat! if we only got what we earned in this world, some of us wouldn't grow very fat, Jack," said Sally as she rolled up her sleeves and ran the hot water into the wash bowl. Sherston proved himself quite a handy man, and in about twenty minutes' time received his first lesson in the jazz step just arrived to convulse the dancing world of London and give youthful energy, restlessness and desire for pleasure a new outlet.

It was rather a typical scene of a new section of London life, and before the war would have filled Sherston with surprise and probably distaste. But if a man learns anything in the Army he learns to adapt himself to any circumstances, however grotesque and unfamiliar, to which he happens to be introduced. Sherston, in spite of the grave problems at the back of his mind, fully alive to the fact that, nearing thirty, he had no time to lose in the race for even a modest place in the sun, went solemnly through the initial steps of the jazz dance, and joined in the peals of laughter his awkwardness occasioned. Sally laughed the most, not because her heart was lighter, but because she sensed something tragic, sinister and menacing in the atmosphere and whole situation.

About nine Sherston said he would have to be making tracks for Putney. Winnie did not seek to detain him, nay, seemed to welcome the suggestion. She accompanied him out to the landing, kissed him before he went off downstairs, made another appointment to see him, and went back to the flat with a defiant expression in her eyes.

"You're rotten to that good chap, Win, and you don't deserve him," said Sally hotly. "Gee! if I were in his shoes I'd give you a jolly good hiding. It would do you good, Win, you know it would."

"I've been had. I've no use for him," said Winnie dryly. "Shut up. I'm going to bed."

## CHAPTER VI

### Brother and Sister

IT was half-past ten when Sherston reached Vale House. There did not appear to be many lights in the windows, and when he rang, the door was opened to him by his sister.



## THE LOOP OF GOLD



"What I say, mates, is, how long are we going to put up with this kind of treatment?"—p. 738

Drawn by  
H. Caffer

"Hallo! Grace, sorry to be so late! I've been a long time getting here. Tubes and 'buses don't seem to be as good as they were. How are you?"

Grace Sherston, tall, rather angular, with clear-cut features and very keen eyes helped by a gold pince-nez, kissed her brother and said she was very well.

"Mother had a headache after her luncheon party and a committee in the afternoon. They've just gone up to bed."

"Hope I haven't kept you up, Grace."

"I? Oh, no! I usually am the last; besides, I wanted to have a talk with you. Come into the morning-room. It's warmer than anywhere else. We've to be so saving with coal now; it's simply horrible."

"England certainly strikes cold," said

Sherston, shivering slightly as he took off his great coat.

"I suppose you've dined?"

"Oh, yes, at my wife's flat."

"Well, I've got some coffee keeping hot for you, and Harrington brought up a plate of sandwiches before she locked up."

"Oh, thank you; that was very thoughtful of you. I'll be glad of the coffee."

He followed her into the cosy little room where a bright fire of coke and wood made a cheerful glow as well as a strong, fine heat. He sat down in one of the basket chairs and stretched out his hands to the flame.

"Nothing beats a real fire. They've gas at the flat. Very convenient, of course; but it isn't the real Mackay. Well, you're

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looking very fit, old girl. I don't see that you've changed an atom. I thought father was looking distinctly older to-day. I was sorry to see it."

"He's had a lot of worry lately, of course. Mother looks well, don't you think?"

"Oh, very; younger than ever. You like your work at the War Office?"

"Very much. I'm hoping to be kept on; and if I'm not I'll seek another job."

"You don't want to leave London, perhaps."

"I couldn't bury myself at Digswell, more especially as a pensioner on the bounty of Uncle Loftus," said Grace with a slight curl of her short upper lip. While not exactly good-looking, she had a certain air of distinction.

She had all the Sherston pride, and had been very angry over her brother's wedding. She wanted to ask a lot of questions now about his wife, nevertheless, feeling inordinately curious about her and about John's outlook on the future.

"So you spent the evening at the flat. You couldn't stay there, I suppose, on account of Winnie's friend who shares it with her?"

Sherston nodded.

"That's it, but we're likely to come to an arrangement. I'll take it over entirely."

"And settle down there with your wife?"

"For a time at least. It's a moderate rent, and will do until times improve."

Grace looked intently into the fire. She wanted desperately to learn exactly how her brother stood financially and what he intended to make of his future.

"I suppose the news that father has given up came as a surprise?"

"It was a blow, there isn't any use denying it," Sherston admitted frankly. "I had no idea the business had declined to that extent. It's hard lines on me, and, *entre nous*, I think it a pity father didn't try to keep the strings together a little longer. I might have been able to make something of it."

"Father didn't think so—besides, he hadn't the money."

"So he told me. It's a pretty rotten business first and last. As a family we've been strated by the war, Grace, more than most."

"I suppose we have; but you've come back safely—" she reminded him. "So many people we know have lost sons. Do

you remember the Goldworthys? All the three boys are dead."

"Awful, isn't it?" said Sherston. "But who knows, perhaps those who have gone west have the best of it?"

That was a most pessimistic utterance for a young husband newly returned from active service; but Grace made no comment on it.

"What are you going to do with your future, then, John?"

"That's hid on the knees of the gods. To-morrow I'll go into the City with Dad and have a prowl round."

"Until you get something I suppose your wife will go on working?"

"I expect so. Of course, I hate it. Every man does who is worth his salt."

"Oh! that's an early Victorian idea, my dear," said Grace with a short incisive little laugh. "It's going to be the woman's age, they say, and a good many things are going to be altered—some of them reversed."

"Nevertheless, the man will have to continue to be the head of the house and the provider," said Sherston, setting his rather strong mouth in a very dogged line. "That's one of the essential laws of life."

"Does Winnie agree? I think she likes her work."

"She does like it; but, after all, she's my wife, and she'll have to undertake a wife's duties. I don't anticipate any trouble when we get shaken down a bit."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, I don't. Winnie's a sensible enough girl, and that pal of hers is sensible too—a very good sort. Ever seen Miss Withers, Grace?"

"I! Oh, no! I'm not invited to Welstood Mansions. Winnie has showed us pretty plainly she has no use for us. Mother has felt it very much."

"There might be faults on both sides," said Sherston quickly. "Winnie thinks you patronised her."

"Well, and if we did, hadn't we the right?" asked Grace quite spiritedly.

Sherston shook his head.

"That sort of thing won't go down now, Grace. Winnie thinks she's as good as we are, and she is too, of course—"

Grace's lip curled again.

"I went over to Brixton one day and bought something in the little shop kept by Mrs. Tebbit."

Sherston flushed slightly.

"Then you had very little to do; but I'm

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sure you found nothing there but honest, hard-working folks. I have no fault to find with my mother-in-law. I'm going to see her to-morrow."

"I don't think Winnie goes home very often."

"Doesn't she? I haven't asked her. Then if you decide to remain in London you'll have to go into lodgings, Grace?"

"I'm going to a hostel for working gentlewomen where two I know live already and are very comfortable and the price is moderate."

Sherston nodded and suddenly glanced round the familiar little room with a gleam of affection in his eyes. It was not a pretty room but a homely one with family photographs in oak frames on the walls and shabby furniture worn by the feet and hands of the children who had once used it as a day nursery.

"I shall be sorry when they leave Vale House. Somehow one had the idea it would always stand. The war has shaken more than we know yet, Grace. It has changed the whole face of the world."

"And not for the better, though I think it has made life more interesting. Tell me, John, were you quite pleased with Winnie's reception of you?"

"Why, of course; what did you expect?" he asked offhandedly and in a voice that might have warned her to keep off debatable ground.

"Oh! well, I wondered. She has a lot of friends in and about the War Office, Jack—men friends. I remonstrated with her one day we happened to lunch together about the number of times I'd seen her with Major Butler. She resented it, of course, and we've never lunched together since."

"She's quite straight, I'm sure, and she had to have something to brighten existence while I was away," said Sherston, loyal to his absent wife though his sister's words gave him a fresh qualm, or rather accentuated those he had already.

"That's all right; but a young war-wife like Winnie ought to be more careful."

Sherston stared into the glowing heart of the fire for a full minute before he answered.

"You meant well, I'm sure, Grace, but it's no use. Winnie and I will have to work out our own salvation without help or hindrance from anybody. If we're left alone we'll do all right. What we have all to remember is that there's a new world."

"Not so good as the old," observed Grace with a note of keen regret in her voice.

"That remains to be proved. Meanwhile discussion of it or its problems won't lead us very far, will it? We've no experience to guide us. We'll just have to trust to luck and good guiding, as old Nannie used to say, to get us through. I think I'll say good night."

They rose simultaneously, and Sherston was rather disturbed to see tears standing, large and bright, in his sister's eyes.

She was so far from being an emotional person that he suddenly felt another preconceived conclusion destroyed.

"Don't let us worry over it, old girl," he said with a queer softness in his voice. "We're the sport of the gods—I doubt—we must just carry on as best we can."

"Oh! but, Jack, it's all so horribly disappointing! Do you remember that thrilling, splendid day when you came in and said you had joined the ranks, and how proud we were! And nothing has come of it, only disappointment and disillusionment! And what hurts most is that you don't seem to belong any more. I don't dislike Winnie, Jack; never think that. There's something very good and likeable about her, but I grudge you to her. You ought to have done better, you ought, you ought! Among your own people! Don't be angry, Johnnie; it's been lying on my chest all this long time, and it is such a relief to get it off."

Sherston's answer was to put his arm round his sister's shoulders and kiss her tenderly. They parted better friends than they had been for a long time, but there was little sleep for either of them, at least during the earlier hours of the night.

When they met at breakfast all trace of emotion had vanished, and they presented the usual English family breakfast-table front, a little silent, studiously polite, attending to one another's wants, and keeping off controversial subjects. Grace came down to breakfast in her hat, her coat laid on a handy chair. Mrs. Sherston, immaculately dressed, her hair beautiful, her blouse and jumper the latest pattern, and very smart, presided at the tray, with the usual air of complete efficiency.

Whatever woes or nightmares threatened a world in the melting-pot, she seemed mutely to proclaim her resolve to carry on in the same dignified immemorial fashion.

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She did not put any straight questions to her son, but was merely attentive to his creature comforts in a detached kind of way, which marked an epoch in their family life. He had gone out voluntarily, made his choice between them and someone else; why, then, surely it was meet and fitting that he should be made to understand that there was a difference. That was only due to the members of the family who had never been consulted regarding the most important step in a young man's life.

Sherston was glad to sally forth with his father and Grace without being put through any catechism regarding his probable movements, desires, or intentions. He had the strange feeling at the back of his mind that his mother had washed her hands of him.

She was not naturally a warm-hearted woman, and could have led a perfectly happy life without children. She was an admirable wife, however, and fulfilled that part of the Preacher's commendation: "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her."

But Vale House had never been a homey house nor one to which children could bring friends uninvited or unannounced, sure of a welcome. There always had to be permission asked, consultations and arrangements made.

Arrived at Austin Friars, after the meagre and dwindling correspondence of the firm had been attended to, various people were rung up on the telephone with a view of sounding them regarding possible openings for the returned soldier. They were all very civil and sympathetic, but the net result of the inquiries was nil.

"It's worse than I thought," observed Mr. Sherston rather testily. "But don't get discouraged, John. Things must improve soon and return to the normal again. Of course, one understands. You see now how right I was when I wrote to you of the complete dislocation of business."

"Only in certain directions," answered Jack gloomily. "The profiteers are going strong. What I say and hold is that these millions made out of the war should be confiscated, at least the major portion of them, and distributed among the men who helped to earn them, chaps like me who have come back stripped and bare to find their billets filled and no room anywhere. This is what makes Bolsheviks out of decent men,

father, and the sooner the powers that be realise that the better."

Mr. Sherston visibly shrank into himself.

It was a kind of talk for which he had no use. He intensely admired British prestige and institutions, and believed our system of government to be the best in the world. The new forces making themselves insistently felt everywhere dismayed him, and made him long to creep into the country where presumably he would be safe from their obtrusion.

"I think I'll write to your Uncle Loftus," he said rather helplessly. "If he's going to open up big new business interests in Batavia and elsewhere, why, then, he ought to give you a look in. He's got no children and you'd do him credit, Jack."

But Jack hardened his face.

"I've got no use for Uncle Loftus, and I won't go whining to him. I'm not afraid of the future, father—it'll be a queer thing if I don't wrest all I want out of it. It's my wife I'm sorry for, that she will have to go on working till I get going. That's what gets into the marrow of a man, not to be able to provide for his own household. Why, even the old Bible, discredited though it is, calls that kind of man worse than an infidel."

Sherston looked at his son a trifle wistfully.

"Would you say it is discredited, John? I hope you did not find that the men in the fighting ranks had dispensed with all religion?"

"Oh no, they've got hold of something, but it hasn't anything to do with churches, father," answered Jack, as if dealing with a matter of no importance. "If ever there's a new England built up, which I'm beginning to doubt, the church won't have the place it had in its economy. It'll be relegated to the place it deserves, seeing how utterly and miserably it has failed."

"Oh come, John, that kind of argument is cheap, and could not be borne out by the facts," said Mr. Sherston in a distressed voice. "Well, where do you think of going now?" he added as his son flung up from his chair.

"I'm going to my depot to see when I'm likely to get my demobilisation papers. I want to get into civilian clothes as soon as possible. Thank God I haven't waxed fat as so many did on active service. The heat and occasional bouts of dysentery mercifully



"How are you, Dad?" she said,  
leaning over the counter"—p. 740

Drawn by  
H. Collier

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preserved my figure, so that the clothes I found at home fit me very well yet, merely want a little taking in."

"Then you'll be out in time for dinner, my boy. Will you call for me here between five and six, say, and we'll go home together?"

"If I can; but don't stop a moment beyond your usual time, Dad, for I don't know how I might find myself situated later in the day. There's my wife to be considered; I'll have to meet her when she comes off duty; we will probably dine together and try and fix up our future arrangements. Meanwhile, I think I'll drop in at Cannon Street Hotel. I see from the *Times* this morning that there's a meeting of business men there to discuss the question of employment of returned soldiers; nice little comment on our war service, isn't it, Dad? England a country fit for heroes to live in, they promised us! Of course, I'm not a hero, only a plain Tommy who did his bit according to his light. Good-bye for now, father, I'm off."

His laugh was a little bitter as he closed the door and went down the stairs. Mr. Sherston sighed and sat a long time pondering on the disappointments of his later life. He was one of the vast army of inoffensive inefficients who depend very largely on the support and initiative of others for any position achieved. He had no illusions about himself, only a vast and overwhelming desire for rest, for the peace of the country, for simple things, the song of the lark in the clear sky at noon, the scent of the wild flowers in the hedge, sunset and sunrise over rolling downs, the waving green of trees against the open sky.

He felt the problems of his son's life acutely, yet was entirely powerless to help him, excepting by his sympathy and his prayers. Mr. Sherston still prayed much and earnestly, though more secretly perhaps than aforetime. To-day he felt for the first time that the heavens were adamant.

Meanwhile the cause of the extreme poignancy of his thoughts swung into the crowded street, and piloted his way to the Cannon Street Hotel, where he slipped into a chair near the door and listened to the conference taking place. It was all very good and sympathetic as far as it went, but Sherston felt the lack of grip of the problem. It all savoured too much of a benevo-

lent scheme, instead of a due and just acknowledgment of service rendered. Even the distinguished officers who made contributions to the discussion seemed to him merely to touch the fringe of the argument. He rose suddenly in the midst of what was supposed to be a specially eloquent appeal and dashed out of the room. His eyes were dark with anger, and anyone looking into his face would have observed that he was not in a good state of mind. Careless of the direction he took, he found himself ere long in the vicinity of Tower Hill, and presently beheld the familiar spectacle of a crowd being harangued at the dinner-hour by one of the street orators, to whom the war grievances had brought a rich harvest, both of fact and fancy, with which to adorn their oftentimes unconvincing tale.

Sherston, mildly amused, moved forward to the outskirts of the crowd which was being shepherded, but not interfered with, by several policemen. England, being the land of free speech, must not be left in peace even when the propaganda being scattered abroad is mildly seditious. For the first time in his life Sherston listened patiently and with interest, and found himself in strange accord with much of the impassioned orator's argument. His subject was the iniquity of the war profits and the wrongs of the poor, among whom the returned soldiers, often unfit and inadequately provided for, had to be numbered now in their thousands.

"What I say, mates, is, how long are we going to put up with this kind of treatment? We've got the power; what we haven't got is the courage to use it. We could make 'em sit up and disgorge if we liked. It only wants a bit of organising and for us to show 'em that we mean what we say. The money belongs to us, the country belongs by right not to them that has stole it from us, but to the working men and women who have made it what it is. Organise, mates, organise! Let us begin this very day and show these ---- profiteers who the money rightly belongs to."

Sherston turned away, and his eyes, faintly smiling, met those of a policeman standing close by. But in his deep heart he felt himself for the first time in his life in accord with the spirit of that gathering. He understood as he had never done before how injustices, heaped up and driven home, can turn the milk of human kindness to gall in the breasts of men and range them on



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the side of the dark forces out to destroy, to pillage, and to make an end of all control.

### CHAPTER VII

#### Winnie Visits Her Parents

IT was a Tuesday evening when Sherston returned to London. By Saturday in the same week Sally Withers vacated the flat, taking with her her personal belongings, and Sherston entered into possession. Although Winnie had not said right out that the new arrangement was not much to her liking, Sherston had the inward feeling that it was so.

Curiously, this did not have the effect which it might have been expected to have on him.

During these few ghastly days he had spent in tapping every likely source that could offer him employment, however meagre, his mentality had acquired a distinct hardening.

Although discouraged, he was not despairing. He felt within him the stirrings of power, the ability to make good. To find the open door of opportunity was all that was necessary. Determined to justify himself in the eyes of the world, his own people, and very specially in his wife's eyes, he set his teeth to endure the humiliation of being in part a pensioner on her until such times as the tables should be turned.

Winnie Sherston was in some respects an elemental creature, and she had been reared in an elemental atmosphere where there was little refinement either of thought or behaviour. A kind of distressing candour indeed had been one of the outstanding characteristics of the Tebbit family.

"Get on or get out" might have been inscribed on their banner. There was absolutely no room in their household for the loafer, the casual, or even for those whom misfortune had overtaken.

This did not indicate any special callousness, but merely the primeval instinct of self-preservation. Life had always been a fight for the Tebbits, and we have seen how war, in the big sense, has taken the edge off many fine feelings.

As a family they had made a generous contribution to the war. All the three sons had gone, one won the V.C. but afterwards died in hospital, while the only one who came through had lost an eye. Winnie felt a secret shame then that Sherston had not

even a wound stripe to show for his three years' active service. At the back of her primitive mind lurked the belief that in some queer way he might have been a shirker.

It was a monstrous injustice she was doing him, but being elemental she did not trouble to dig deep into causes. Although she had neglected her husband's family, she remained faithful to her own, and on the first Sunday Jack and she were alone in the flat she evaded him and took a flight to Brixton to consult her mother regarding the future.

Paradise Grove, Brixton, is rather a bright, lively little thoroughfare opening off the High Road. Its shops are less pretentious, have less acreage of plate glass, and fewer big arc lights to display the goods, but they are well known to thrifty housewives in the district and generously patronised.

The sweets and tobacco business which Owen Tebbit had secured through compensation money received for the loss of an arm in an explosion at the works where he was engaged, had proved a very excellent investment. Mrs. Tebbit, after she had got her considerable family launched in the world, took a very active interest in the little business and thoroughly enjoyed serving the public.

One side of the shop was devoted to tobacco and sweets and newspapers, while the other had become a kind of miscellaneous store where a great variety of merchandise could be purchased, from a pennyworth of boot laces or boot polish to a quarter of a pound of tea.

That was Mrs. Tebbit's side, and she presided at the counter, a comely and not unattractive figure, rather ample in dimensions and somewhat untidy as to dress and hair sometimes, but imperturbable in good humour, cheerfulness and interest in her fellow creatures.

The day on which Amelia Tebbit ceased to take an interest in the comings and goings and doings of her neighbours would mark a serious epoch in her life and activity, probably the end of it.

On Sunday the general merchandise side of the emporium was supposed to be closed, though Mrs. Tebbit was not averse to obliging a neighbour on the quiet if she happened to run out of some necessary household article. But the counter was always covered up with a linen cloth, and a curtain drawn over the shelves at the back, while

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the news and tobacco and sweets side flourished from about noon till eight o'clock on Sunday evening.

The Sunday takings were the best in the week, and Tebbit, in his white shirt sleeves, with his whole right arm and his hook on the left, was always ready to pass the time of day over the counter to his customers. Old, new, great or small, he had a pleasant word for them all.

"Tebbit's" was indeed as well known in that part of the world as the Brixton Bon Marché itself.

About four o'clock on that particular Sunday afternoon Mrs. Tebbit, feeling rather heavy after the substantial midday meal, was nodding over the fire in the room at the back of the shop when Tebbit called her through the glass door.

"Here's Winnie comin' up the street, Ma, I do believe; I'm nearly sure. Come an' look!"

Mrs. Tebbit sprang up and dashed to the door excitedly, for Winnie's visits were few and far between now, but she had never lost her interest in the eldest daughter, of whom she was inordinately proud.

"Well, Win, so you've remembered where we live, arter all? Ernie, 'e said you'd never remember it no more."

"Just like Ernie's sauce, Ma," answered Winnie as she kissed her mother's cheek. "How's everybody? My, it does seem an age since I was in Paradise Grove—"

"I can tell you the very day, my gel."

"Oh, don't! Time's passing much too quickly. How are you, Dad?" she said, leaning over the counter to give him a kiss too. "You both look very fit. Any of them inside?"

"Not yet, but we're expecting 'Tilda. Ernie he spends all his Sundays now at Tooting along ov the Girlings. Gerty an' he are going to make a match of it, we don't think."

"Well, Gertie's quite a nice girl, isn't she, Ma? Ernie might do a lot worse. Oh, I do want my tea so badly! Can't we have it soon?"

She pushed through the glass door which shut off the little living-room at the back, and threw her gloves on the table with a gesture of weariness, almost of disgust.

Mrs. Tebbit, admiring her greatly, thinking how splendid she looked, and what beautiful clothes she wore, immediately sensed that things were not going well with her eldest hope.

"You look fed up, Win," she said cheerfully.

"That's just what I am, Ma; fed up to the back teeth. I'll tell you about it when I've had a cup of tea. Get the gas ring going, won't you, old dear?"

"Why, o' course. 'Aven't you had any dinner? Why didn't you come over 'ere like you used to when you went to the War Office fust? We'd a lovely bit of ribs to-day—fair melted in your mouth—and you know I can make Yorkshire."

"I could do with a bit now; any cold left? Yes, I'm hungry, mother; we'd only a bit of cold tongue and salad for dinner and an apple to eat after."

"Mercy me, Sally Withers and you won't get fat on that. Wot's the game, Winnie? Want to get wot the stories call a sylph-like figger? Ain't any good, me dear. Fat is in the family, both the Tebbits and the Rawlings."

Winnie sat down at the little window which looked out on a quite pleasant strip of garden ground, in which there was real grass and one fairly decent tree.

"I sometimes wish I was back in Barron Brothers, Ma. They was good days, and I didn't know when I was well off."

"Something's 'appened to upset you, Win. 'Ad news from the Garding of Eden?"

"Yes, that's what it is exactly, mother. Jack has come home."

"What!"

Mrs. Tebbit gave a small, shrill scream and made pause with her hands on her ample hips to stare at her daughter. "Come 'ome, 'as he? Well, where is he? Why didn't 'e come 'ere wiv you this artemoon and pay his respects properly. Your Dad won't like it, Win; no more don't I."

"I never told him I was coming, Ma. I left him lying sleeping across his bed at the flat."

"At the flat! Shouldn't have thought there would be room for him there. It's the smallest plice I've ever seen to call itself a 'ome, that is. Where does Miss Withers sleep?"

"Oh, she's gone; left yesterday. Got a room at a hostel just off the Marylebone Road."

"And w'en did your 'usban' git 'ome? I can't git over it. You did s'y he was 'ome, didn't you?"

"I did. I said I'd left him sleeping in the flat."

"It would 'a bin more friendly like to 'ave

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brought 'im along. Ain't you sailin' in the same boat, then?"

"Oh yes, but the boat don't go very far," observed Winnie, swinging to and fro on the old nursery rocker. "He's come back from the war stony broke, and the future don't look very bright for us."

"But the toffs—his folks will mike that all right, won't they?" asked Mrs. Tebbit anxiously. "Such big swells livin' in their own house at Putney 'Eath an' 'e the only son, surely they'll do somethink for 'im same as pore folks do for their boys w'en they comes 'ome."

"It seems they're broke too. His father's giving up business, or rather it has left him; that's what Jack says, anyhow, and Jack has been tramping London all this week looking for a job, but he hasn't got one yet."

"An' you've got to keep 'im off wot you earns, honey; it ain't good enuff," observed Mrs. Tebbit, who held strong opinions on men's responsibility.

"That's what I feel, Ma; but, of course, I can't say anything, because the poor chap's frightfully down on his luck."

"You ain't done so well for yourself as you thought, then, Win? It ain't all beer and skittles gittin' a toff for a 'usban'."

"He's all right, Ma. I don't mind him a little bit, but—I want to ask you something, Ma."

"Well, my dear, fire away; but I hear the kettle boiling. Half a mo' till I puts the tea in the pot."

She was absent for a few minutes in the scullery, while Winnie continued to rock gently to and fro, feeling oddly glad for the first time for many months to be

where her mother was. She had been such a good mother to them, bringing up a large family creditably and planting them all out either in good service or suitable occupations. She secretly considered Winnie the pick of her market bunch, and it was rather



"Sherston strode across the passage and banged the door"—p. 746

Drawn by  
H. Collier

a blow to hear that the marriage, of which she had been very proud at the time, should appear to be such a disappointment.

"Now, 'ere's your tea. Drink it up, honey, and don't take on," she said with that kind, mothering touch which brought

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all the children back to Paradise Grove whenever they needed sympathy, no matter how far they had wandered.

"Now I'm ready to answer yore question, wotever it may be."

"I don't just know how to put it, Ma, but do you think Jack has the right to ask me to give up everything, all my pals, even my work, just because he has happened to give me this?"

She turned the ring, that fateful loop of gold that has changed destiny for so many millions of human beings and been the guerdon of weal or woe in countless homes, round and round upon her slender finger.

Mrs. Tebbit reflected a moment.

"Jack's on'y bin 'ome four days, Win. I shouldn't be in sech a 'urry, if I was you. Wite an' see, as Mister Hasquith said. 'E'll git a good job pretty soon, I should think. 'E must know a lot o' big folks, bein' wot 'e is, and they oughter do something for 'im."

"That's what I say and what he doesn't think, apparently," said Winnie in the same discontented voice. "He's not a bit the same jolly chap he was when I met him first that night at the Corona Hut. Nor so good-looking—"

"Maybe it's you'se got more partickler, Win," suggested Mrs. Tebbit shrewdly. "Seen a bit more o' the world, maybe, and more different kinds o' men. But they'se all abart the same, me dear, w'en you gits to close quarters wiv 'em; all rite for the fightin' an' the 'eavy work, but babbies in arms about everythink else. Yore Dad now—"

Here she launched into a whispered recital of Tebbit's known weaknesses and shortcomings to which Winnie lent a very detached ear.

Her mother soon saw that her interest was waning.

"So you've come 'ome for a bit o' good advice. Well, I gives it to yer, Win. Wait a bit; don't turn the pore chap down just yit. You can carry on wheer you are till he gits a good job. It ain't as ef there was any chillen—"

Here she made a distinct pause, fixing her daughter with an eye of expectation. She had no grandchildren yet, but lived in hopes.

But the suggestion of family responsibilities left Winnie quite cold; she did not appear as if she had heard it.

"There's something about that kind of people—Jack's kind I mean, Ma—which is very hard to put up with. They don't talk enough. He just sits and stares and glooms, and it's getting on my nerves already. It's better to get it off your chest, don't you think, even if they think it isn't good manners?"

"Good manners is to make a good job of life, I guess," said Mrs. Tebbit with a flash of native wit. "Well, you see, you would have a gentleman for a 'usband', Win. Joe Girlin', no, nor even young Barron weren't good enough. Fact is, married life takes a bit of gittin' used to. You'll come all rite. Send 'im along, if he ain't doin' anything, to 'ave a word wiv me to-morrow—an' don't pull thet long fice, dearie, it don't suit you one little bit. You'll soon go off in looks if you don't tike care."

"Lots of the war weddings don't last, mother. Perhaps mine won't."

"Oh, don't s'y thet, Win; I don't like to 'ear it. It ain't a proper way to live. The prayer book ses it's for better for worse, and yours ain't worse just yit, anyways. Give the pore chap a chanst."

"I'm not doing anything to hinder his chance, Ma."

"You're maybe naggin' at 'im. Don't do it. There ain't anythink raises the devil in a man like naggin'. I ain't ever done it even w'en your Dad was very tryin'. It's a mug's game, thet is, an' the woman who does it deserves all she gits—"

If this sound sense sank into Winnie's consciousness she gave no sign.

"The annoying thing about it is, Ma, that I might have done better lots of times since. I won't mention names, but there are some—"

"If yo're talkin' o' thet bald-headed bloke we saw you wiv onst in the park, Win, he ain't no class. I wouldn't give yore Jack's little finger for the 'ole o' 'im, red tabs an' all. He's a man, yore Jack is! Don't you go an' mike no fool of yourself, Winnie Tebbit. If you do, you don't come 'ere no more. I ain't got no use excep' for folks as know 'ow to behave theirselves. Fact is, Win, yore sufferin' from swelled 'ead. Lots of 'em are nowadays. You've got to come off of yore perch, my dear, an' set your fice to the weather. Theer ain't no happiness any other way. I'm fifty-seven years of age, and I knows wot I'm talkin' abart."

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At the flat Sherston woke up with his ears ringing, surprised to find himself alone in the grey dark, and totally unaware that he had found a champion and a friend in the person of his mother-in-law at Tebbit's in Paradise Grove.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Regrets

TWO weeks passed away, three weeks lengthened into a month without offering any betterment of Jack Sherston's sorry estate.

His people departed, lock, stock and barrel, from Putney Heath at Lady Day, and though he was invited to come down to Digswell for a week-end, he was in no hurry to avail himself of the invitation. He had not the wherewithal to spare for railway travelling; he conserved every penny for his own very simple needs.

On one point he was determined with a strange kind of dogged determination which nothing could move, that he would not eat food paid for by his wife's money. The shelter of her roof he had to accept in the meantime, but had salved his conscience by paying his part of the rent in advance. This had left him in rather low water financially, and though there was still back-pay owing to him, it seemed impossible to get it.

He had in the course of his wanderings come in contact with other demobilised men in the same plight, and had gotten a glimpse into various sections of the nether world where the darker passions of humanity are permitted free play. He discovered that the revolutionary strata in English life was bigger than he could have imagined possible, and, further, that it was steadily widening. All sorts and conditions of men whom nature and circumstance had formerly kept strictly within the law-abiding, in some cases the governing classes, had, through stress of circumstances over which apparently nobody had any control, joined that strata. Sherston, badly fed, often tired in body and deeply discouraged in mind, no doubt exaggerated what he saw; nevertheless he came to believe that when the time was ripe a revolution would be witnessed in England as deep and far-reaching in its consequences, if perhaps a little less bloody and fiendish than was convulsing other unhappy countries in the war zones.

For the first week or two Winnie honestly tried to follow the advice given by her mother on that Sunday visit to Brixton; but its impression quickly wore off.

Sherston was not quite fair nor yet sufficiently considerate towards his young wife during these ghastly days. She was made for brightness, she loved the froth of life, and could take care of herself even in somewhat perilous surroundings. He cut her off in a moment from all the pleasant outgoings which had made the piquant sauce of her working life. And he expected her to be contented to sit of an evening sewing while he read, or to take a walk with him along the crowded, brightly lit Edgware Road, looking into shops without having any money to buy the tempting wares set forth in them. It was just an impossible expectation, doomed to disappointment from the start.

In the light of later and deeper experience Sherston realised the profound depths of his own ignorance and folly, and deplored it in sackcloth and ashes.

Winnie was wonderfully patient on the whole, never by word or gesture or look rubbing in the fact that he was not making good.

But she felt it none the less keenly, and further, very quickly arrived at the conclusion that it was not to go on.

There has to be a very strong love, deeply rooted in the fibres of being, guided and steadied by sympathy, understanding and strong principle, before sordid cares and such poignant situations can be met and conquered.

Where such love exists the bonds are tightened by community of suffering and anxiety, but these two young people, product of abnormal war conditions, had really no common meeting ground. The brief passion which had first drawn them together had been quickly quenched; in double harness they were chafing over the bit and so marching to the inevitable breach.

She began pretty soon to accept evening engagements again, and one night dined with Perry Butler in her working garb at a quiet little restaurant known to him in Soho.

Butler was also a product of the war. He belonged to well-to-do but not distinguished people, and at the outbreak had been a secretary to one of the little great men who help to mould the destinies of the nation.

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The war sent this particular little great man up with a bound. Perry Butler had an aptitude for languages and a very quick far-reaching kind of shrewdness which very nearly passed for genius. Some suggestions he had made to his chief had been apt; acted on, they had produced good results, promotion and the red tabs followed as a matter of course. It had been a typical case of a nonentity making the best of his chance. Butler, of course, exaggerated the circumstances of his rise when he thought of them at all. But mostly he preferred not to think, especially when the war ended and the debris of its vast machinery began to be swept up. His own position was precarious, and he was fully aware that he might find his services dispensed with any day.

The M.B.E. and two military decorations which filled the souls of real soldiers with murderous rage would hardly compensate him in the obscurity to which he might any day now be returned.

Winnie had not told him yet about Sherston's return, and she had accepted his invitation that night for the express purpose of telling him. As they sat together under the rose shaded lights on the little table set cunningly in an alcove which gave them complete privacy, she regarded his somewhat fatuous face intently, wondering just how much he would be good for in the way of giving them a help, were she to tell him how matters stood.

"This is a bit like old times, Mrs. Sherston," he said, always very scrupulous not to overstep the bounds of propriety. That was Perry Butler's way.

He was incapable of any honest or deep passion, but had brought to perfection the philanderer's art.

He had been interested in Winnie Sherston for a longer period than usual because there was a touch of native originality about her. The candour characteristic of the Tebbit family had amused him; you never knew what she would say or do next. She had the element of surprise always concealed about her, and would spring it on you without warning. To a somewhat jaded palate like Perry Butler's it gave a singular zest to life.

She had declined his offer of seats for the play because she did not wish to go home and change into evening dress. There would have been tiresome explanations to make to Jack, possibly remonstrance and

recrimination. Winnie took the line of least resistance every time.

"Now you are going to tell me what's been the matter?" Butler asked, leaning his elbows on the table and looking intently across at her piquant face between the shaded lights.

"Yes; it's what I've come for," she answered unexpectedly. "Haven't you guessed?"

He shook his head.

"My husband has come home."

Butler looked the complete surprise he felt.

"Captain Sherston home? How long?"

"Just on a month."

"A whole month and you've never told me! Now I begin to see light."

"But why to-night?" he very nearly added, but restrained himself.

"A month to-morrow. Do you remember the night you took me to the Criterion to see *Mrs. Hitchcock's Smile*?" Winnie asked.

"Of course, I don't forget any occasion when we've been together," he answered gallantly.

"Well, he came home that night."

Winnie said nothing more for a moment, though she flushed slightly under Butler's close scrutiny.

"So he wasn't your brother after all?" he said quickly.

"No; that was my husband. I didn't know what to do for a minute; I was bowled over. I took the line of least resistance. You don't blame me, do you?"

"Poor little woman, surely not."

His voice was very kind, his manner sympathetic. Winnie suddenly reflected how easy he was to talk to, how understanding, how different in every way from Jack, whose moods were various and sometimes aggravating.

"You noticed, of course, that he wasn't in officer's uniform; but when I told you he was a captain I wasn't lying really," she said bravely, "for I'd just had a letter saying he had been strongly recommended for a commission and that he expected to get it by the next mail."

"And he never did? Hard lines! Poor beggar! So he's been home a month. Tell me about him, all about him. I'd like to know. I'd have asked you lots of questions before now, only I always had the feeling that I'd better keep off that particular bit of grass in the garden."



## THE LOOP OF GOLD

"Oh! there wasn't anything to hide, if that's what you're meaning," said Winnie with a flash of her usual directness. "We made a war marriage right enough. We met the first time at the Corona Hut where they were having a great blow-out for the Australians. We were married eight days after that, just three days before he sailed for Egypt."

"Where does he belong?" asked Butler interestedly.

"His people live at Putney, or did, rather. They've gone now to the family place in the country called Digs-well Priory," answered Winnie, unable to resist the temptation to spread her wings a bit, to take the edge off the humiliation of owning up Jack's real rank. "They've retired from business."

"Made pots of money out of the war, I suppose?" hazarded Butler.

"As to that I don't know; all I do know is that none of it is coming our way. Don't you think it's rather awful, Perry, that so many men, officers and tommies too, are wandering about, demobbed, unable to get anything to do?"

"It is rather awful, but what could you expect? Things take time to settle down just as they took time to get going," was Butler's enlightening answer.

"Then you don't think the Government are going to do anything on a big scale as Jack and some of them seem to expect, or at least think they should?"

"I haven't got wind of anything of that kind, and myself I think it unlikely," said Butler. "Where is he living just now?"

"With me, of course, at our flat," answered Winnie.

"Little Withers gone, then?"

"Yes, of course. Jack took over her share and paid up for her furniture directly he came. She's been gone three weeks."

"And aren't his people making him an allowance?"

"They are not. I don't believe he would take it even if they offered. You don't know of any job that would suit him, I suppose?"

Perry Butler shook a vague head.

"If you knew how many times a day I'm asked that question, dear, you'd be sorry for me. Can't he emigrate, or something of that kind?"

"He said something about it last night, but he's not keen on emigration really. He wants to settle in England. He says the

men who fought for England have the best right to her soil, and that those who didn't fight should be the ones to emigrate."

"Sounds all right in theory, but it would make a queer turn-up, wouldn't it? Have you tried to get anything out of his people?"

"Me, no! I'd starve first; that's how I feel about my 'in-laws.' It doesn't affect me much; I can always get my living. But I don't see how we're to go on as we're doing now. It's just an impossible life, so dull and wretched. I work hard all day, and when I get home at night there's Jack like a death's head, been tramping the streets and calling at offices and, of course, got nothing. Something will happen if things don't mend."

"Try and banish it for to-night. I'm most awfully sorry for you," said Butler sincerely enough. "It seems a shame to pile on the agony; but I rather think our days at a hundred and thirteen are numbered, Winnie."

"Oh! do you? You've heard something, then?"

"Yes, lots of rumours have been flying about, and pressure is being brought to bear. As a concession to the public outcry against waste certain departments are to be reduced and others done away with. Number thirteen is on the doomed list."

"And when will this happen, do you think?" asked Winnie feverishly.

"Might happen to-morrow, or then again it might be postponed indefinitely. There's a delightful vagueness about everything in these days. But don't let's worry about it. I'm awfully sorry for you, little woman. Makes you almost regret your war wedding, don't it?"

"Yes, it does rather. A girl gives up a lot when she gets married, and I don't see what she gets out of it really."

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry you might have got something better out of it, Winnie," he said meaningly. "There are other men in the world, better off, who would have been delighted to give you a good time."

"What will you do when you're demobbed? or are you going to get on the permanent staff?" was her next question.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Heaven knows, I'm not worrying. Something will turn up. I've never been stranded yet."

"What did you really do before you got

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into khaki?" asked Winnie interestedly. Since Jack's return she had got new light on the minds of men and was curious to learn if by any chance there might be a short cut to the kind of success Butler had achieved.

"I was going in for politics," he answered vaguely. "I may go back to them; but don't let's talk about such stodgy subjects. Where shall we go from here? You look frightfully down on your luck, my dear, and must have a glass of fizz. Hi, waiter!"

Winnie made no demur. She certainly was not feeling cheerful, and knew very well that she was likely to have a gloomy reception when she got home. Under the influence of the stimulant she became distinctly more talkative, and told Perry Butler a great deal more about her somewhat strained relations with Sherston than was wise or prudent or loyal.

About a quarter to nine he suggested that they might try to get in at the Alhambra or the Empire at half-time, and again she made no demur. She enjoyed every minute of the brightness and the music, and industriously thrust dull care into the background for the time being.

It was a quarter to twelve when she was dropped from a taxi at the door of Welstood Mansions after making another engagement with Butler for an evening early in the following week.

"No half measures this time, darling," he had whispered daringly. "A real night out. I'll get seats for something good, and we'll have supper at Murray's or Ciro's after."

"All right," Winnie had promised a little breathlessly as she escaped, feeling rather remorseful regarding Jack, whom she had

condemned to a long, solitary evening at the flat.

She found him, as she expected, sitting up with a book, and though he smiled a little when she entered she could see that he was not too well pleased.

"You're late, dear. Had a good time?"

"Oh, ripping."

"Where and with whom?" he asked pointedly.

"I dined with Major Butler: where?—oh, at Poldino's, and then we dropped in at the Empire. I couldn't stick it another night, Jack. I must have a little change now and again from work and worry."

"If you'd only told me," began Sherston, but she waved a deprecating hand.

"You're a bit of a fool, Jack. No woman likes to suggest outings for herself. She likes the person who thinks and plans for her. No, I'm not grizzling, I suppose you can't help being made as you are, so deadly serious and heavy. I'm sure I don't know what has happened to you out there. You're not the same man I married at all."

"Then you've regretted it, Winnie?"

She dashed off her coat with a little impatient shrug.

"I don't know; it's all wrong and rotten somehow. We don't seem to get on. I can't even do my work properly now for the worry of things. Don't you think—don't you think, Jack, it might be better if you went away for a while again? They say there are plenty of good jobs waiting in the Colonies. I'd come out to you later. If we go on like this something will happen. Don't you feel it in your bones?"

Sherston rose from his chair, threw his fag into the fireplace, strode across the passage to the little room that had belonged to Sally Withers and banged the door.

(End of Chapter Eight)





Fringed with  
Fairy Flowers

Photo:  
R. A. Malby

## The Charm of a Rock Garden

*Alpine Heights at Home*

By

H. H. Thomas

A ROCK garden, in which the flowers of the hills and mountain valleys may find a home, is within the reach of anyone who has twelve or even six square yards of ground to spare. There may be built a miniature Alpine range which, when planted with a few of the illimitable number of flowers which blossom on the edge of the eternal snows, will possess a fascination unrivalled by any other part of the garden in spring and early summer.

How intense is the delight of rock garden-making, and with what magic the building takes shape! Here rises a miniature Matterhorn, on one side precipitous and sheer to a rocky gorge, in the crevices of which the edelweiss may be planted, and on the other falling gently to a verdure-clad slope spangled with Alpine primroses and other lowly flower treasures.

There is no limit except that set by the planter's imagination to the variety of form which may be introduced. Every crack and cranny may be made to blossom in those halcyon days when spring merges gradually into summer. Rivulets of bloom trickle down between the rocks, and develop into cascades of riotous colour as they tumble over the miniature boulders at the foot.

Pigmy firs set here and there on a rocky slope give a touch of verisimilitude to the scene and create the necessary sense of proportion, without which the most brilliant display is apt to fail of its purpose, and to provide nothing but a gorgeous flower show.

Although the rock garden is in the full flush of its beauty in early summer, it is scarcely without bloom the whole year round, and never without charm. In winter the silvery rosettes and the exquisite green

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carpets of the various saxifrages, the blue-grey of the pinks, and the vivid colours of some of the houseleeks furnish welcome colour, and scarcely is the New Year ushered in when the heather begins to bloom and the miniature daffodils—the angels' tears and the hoop petticoats—come into flower. With the advancing warmth appear the true heralds of the flower procession—the first primulas and gentians, the earliest saxifrages, the violas and mountain pansies; and as they fade the rock garden bursts into the full glory of its summer brilliance. Every rocky mound and sheer precipice is flower-bejewelled, the fissures and gullies are crowded with the fairest blossoms; there are wide masses of pinks and Alpine poppies, creeping gypsophila and blue veronica, aubrietia and alyssum, while the fragrant thymes spread into fairy carpets of greenery—soft like velvet and flower-strewn.

A little rock garden can be as fascinating as a large one if it is built well and planted correctly. It is easily done if pains are taken. Everything, or almost everything, depends upon the site being efficiently drained. Alpine plants will not thrive in sodden soil, and the rock garden must be so constructed that superfluous moisture can pass away quickly. This is accomplished by excavating the site to a depth of twelve inches or so and replacing the soil taken out with broken bricks. On top of these the original soil may be arranged when some leaf-mould, road grit, and sand have been mixed with it. On such a foundation it is possible to build a rockery in which the fairest flower jewels of the mountains can be grown to perfection.

As to the actual building, the owner may be builder and architect too, for each may choose his own design, or,

building in haphazard fashion, create as he progresses. The exact form matters little, providing it does not transgress certain principles, chief of which are the following: the stones or rocks, particularly those at the base, must be well embedded in the soil and slope inwards, and the greater part of each one should be covered. Only by following this practice can stability and a natural appearance be assured. No rock or stone should overhang another, otherwise the plants underneath may perish through lack of moisture. The rocks must be placed firmly, care being taken to see that all holes behind them are filled with soil.

Although Alpine plants appear to have little root-hold, really their roots are deep among the rocks, and unless in planting care is taken to assure that they have access to the constant coolness and moisture to be found between the crevices below the soil it is hopeless to expect success. For this reason it is best to put in most of the plants as the work of building proceeds. When a rock or stone has been laid, and the soil well embedded round about it and upon it, the plant is put in, covered with more soil, and on top of this the next rock or stone

is placed. Gritty, sandy soil is placed round each plant; this, together with the adequate drainage provided, will keep the rock garden comparatively dry in winter. A further precaution is to cover the soil near the plants with pieces of stone to prevent evaporation in summer.

Attention to such prosaic details, and to giving copious supplies of water in early spring and summer, when the snows are melting on the mountains, will go far to ensure satisfactory results. There are innumerable Alpine plants from which to choose, and all have some characteristic charm.



A Wild Flower of the Pyrenees (Ramondia)

Photo:  
R. A. Walby



June in the  
Rock Garden

Photo :  
R. A. Malby

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The speedwell soon spreads and forms a carpet as blue as the summer heavens among the Alps. Edelweiss quickly establishes itself if wedged in soil and stones in a rock crevice, and its grey leaves and woolly flowers, if not strikingly beautiful, are full of interest. The Cheddar pink spreads into a delightful little mound of grey leaves, and in June is smothered in countless pink blooms. Mossy saxifrages cover the rocks



A Rivulet of Saxifrage

Photo:  
R. A. Mulby

and soil with emerald moss-like growth if care is taken to plant them in a moist, half-shady place. The bellflowers are the fairies of the Alpine flora, their tiny nodding bells of deep blue, porcelain blue, and white trickle down the shady rock crevices, fill them to overflowing, and trespass so freely that visions are aroused of early summer on the mountains, and one almost listens for the tinkling of their bells. The quaint cobweb houseleek, its rosettes traced with cobweb-like filaments, will increase readily if wedged in among the stones and if its roots

are covered with a little soil to give it a start. The silvery saxifrages yield their enchanting panicles of white or pale-coloured flowers in early summer in such profusion that a magic forest of bloom arises: all they need is to be planted firmly in gritty soil among the rocks. To provide soft carpets there are the creeping thymes and mints that exhale a fragrant greeting as you tread upon them in passing, and there are sun roses to smile at you with fresh flowers daily while the summer lasts. There is no limit to the charm and variety of the Alpine flowers.

Those who have never built a rock garden can have no conception of the enchantment that therein lies. The stage of acquaintance is soon passed and every plant becomes a close friend—every week, almost every day, shows some fresh phase of beauty or interest. If at first the rockery seems rather bare, it is not for long, for the mountain flowers soon spread and there develops a perfect representation in miniature of a mountainous land, with its peaks and rocky gorges, flower-studded crevices and lush mountain meadow.

In no other kind of garden is it possible to have such wealth and variety of flowers within so limited a space, and that is an additional fascination attaching to the building of an Alpine height in the garden at home. Many of the plants rise scarcely more than an inch or so above the stones, yet they spread into compact tufts or into delightful carpets of evergreen or evergrey leaves, and in due season are spangled with blossoms unrivalled for daintiness and charm. The presence of a little pool of water adds greatly to the interest of a rock garden. It affords an opportunity of growing some of the miniature water lilies, and in the moist soil by the side of the pool the bog bean, the lovely rose-coloured primrose from the Himalaya, Alpine buttercups, the American wood lily, and other exquisite flowers may be grouped freely. There, too, if there is room, may be grown the gorgeous irises of Japan, the royal fern of Britain, meadowsweets in purple, rose and cream, and that fragrant, old-world flower that is now rarely seen in gardens—the musk. Thus, in the home rock garden and its immediate environment it is possible to grow flowers obtained from every mountainous country of the world.

The moraine is the last word in rock gardening, and its mission is to ensure un-



## THE CHARM OF A ROCK GARDEN



Pinks among  
the Mountains

Photo :  
R. A. Malby

failing success with even the choicest and most difficult of mountain flowers. For it must be confessed that some of them are capricious, though of those that give no trouble there are enough and to spare. A moraine is one of those moist and gritty beds found between the rocks of Alpine solitudes, where generations of melting snow have fashioned deep silts of grit and fine soil, and

where some of the fairest flower gems of the Alps are to be found.

A moraine is easily made. A hole some two feet deep is dug, and twelve inches are filled with broken bricks for drainage. Pieces of turf are placed on the drainage and the remaining space is filled with a mixture of two-thirds stone chips and one-third fine soil. It seems ludicrous that even Alpine flowers are able to thrive in such material, but they will flourish there as nowhere else, because the moraine approximates as closely as possible to the conditions in which they are found growing wild. Among the cool, moisture-holding stone chips pinks spread quickly into hummocky tufts, bellflowers come up in all sorts of unexpected places, saxifrages make silvery cushions, and in a surprisingly short time the moraine develops into a garden of all that is fairest among Alpine flowers.



An Alpine  
Primrose

Photo :  
R. A. Malby

# The Surest Sense

Being No. 3 of the Series,  
"Traveller's Joy"

By Violet M. Methley

"YOU mustn't refuse to go with me, Miss Trewarne!" The girl leant forward, her small hands clenched on the table, her tragic dark eyes fixed on Joy's face. "No one else will help me—and I can't go alone. All my people think it morbid—almost wicked; but—oh, I must see the place where Fergus was killed—the place where he is buried! I feel dragged to France—as if it was the only thing that matters—oh, you *will* take me!"

"Of course I will," Joy Trewarne said gently.

She had been taking a short holiday from her occupation as professional traveller since the adventure of the Castle in Spain—a respite made necessary for the manufacture of a summer outfit, and made possible by the generosity and gratitude of Miss Sewell—now Mrs. Hedley.

Joy had just been contemplating re-inserting her advertisement, when she received a note asking her to meet the writer at a well-known tea-shop.

She knew the name of Elaine Courtenay from mutual friends—knew that the girl's fiancé had been killed in Flanders during the last terrible spring fighting. She was prepared for the intense pity which rose in her heart as she looked at the other girl's white haggard face, at her black gown and veiled hat, and noted the starts and sharp movements which betrayed the state of her nerves.

"She'll have a terrible breakdown if something is not done," Joy thought. "And I really think it will be best to let her have her way, and go where she pleases, so long as I am there to look after her properly and spare her any trouble in travelling."

With that self-possessed deliberation which matched her slim prettiness so oddly, Joy made all her plans and arrangements for the journey. She had known the battlefield districts of France and Flanders well before the war: now she studied maps and plans, and made inquiries until

she felt quite able to face the country in its changed form.

Miss Courtenay was an heiress and there was no need to spare expense. Joy felt glad of that, for she thought the fragile, nerve-racked girl very unfit for physical hardship added to what she was suffering mentally.

The two girls had become firm friends even before they reached the end of their journey—the little village near Belleville Wood. And day by day Joy pitied more intensely her companion's hopeless state.

It seemed as though the main object of their journey was to be an utter failure. Neither maps, plans, nor inquiries helped them; no trace of Captain Fergus McEwen's burial-place could be discovered. The shattered houses of the village still held some few inhabitants; near-by were the shell-torn twisted trees of Belleville Wood, where he and his battalion had made their last stand—the little moss-grown hollow, where the survivors had seen him fall. But none of the tiny crosses in the cemetery bore his name.

"But he *wants* me so to find it!" Elaine said, as she stood beside the window of her clean white room in the little French inn. "The feeling which dragged me to this place holds me here still—I *know* that his body is here—quite close to me—I know it!"

Her great eyes were dilated, her thin hands clutched at each other almost convulsively, as she stared out towards the fatal wood. Joy felt a cold thrill of fear—a dread lest continued disappointment might, indeed, turn Elaine Courtenay's brain.

"We will do our very best to discover something," she said gently. "But, you know, there must be hundreds and hundreds of women who long to know the same thing, hundreds of men whose graves will never be traced."

"I know . . . I'm very selfish, I suppose, but—oh, I can't help it! Oh, my

## THE SUREST SENSE



"None of the tiny crosses in the cemetery bore his name" *Drawn by Sydney S. Luess*

dear, I'm sorry to be such a bother, when you are so good to me! Yes, I'll lie down for a little while, and you must go for one of your sharp walks."

Joy had insisted that Elaine should lie down for some part of each day: she saw that, otherwise, the girl's bodily strength would fail utterly, and it was this threat, and this threat only, which made her agree to rest.

These solitary hours Joy spent, mostly, in making strenuous and searching inquiries on her own account, trying to find some clue which would bring the dreary peace of certainty to her companion.

Some few villagers still remained in the ruined houses, over which the tide of war had swept back and forth so often. They were sad, tragical figures for the most part, with a hopeless air which was full of pathos. Many of them seemed dazed: most appeared hardly to understand when Joy questioned them, others looked almost savage in their desperate misery.

"Sometimes I feel almost frightened at those wild-looking men," Joy said, as she prepared for her walk and Elaine lay down upon the bed. "But then I remember what has made them like this, and I can only be terribly, unbearably sorry!"

The girl remembered these words of her own, as she set out along the white, dusty road, between tangles of bramble and nut-

bushes. To her right were the dead, distorted skeletons of trees which marked the wood of Belleville, now such a silent desolation, where, only a short time before, the air had been full of the screaming of shells, the shouts of men, the thunderous roar of the guns. It was very quiet now.

Joy shivered and walked on more quickly. She had noticed a few scattered cottages about half a mile beyond the edge of the wood, and she intended to visit them, to discover whether anyone still lived there.

Suddenly, from amongst the tangled bushes, a man came out, and stood staring vacantly up and down the road. He was tall and gaunt, with a dark, ragged beard, and his brows drawn together in a ferocious scowl. He stared fixedly at Joy as she came

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along, but without moving; then, just as she was on the point of passing, sprang forward with a queer, fierce exclamation.

The girl swerved only just in time to escape his clutch; she heard him draw in his breath in a queer, whistling way through his nostrils, as she sped away down the road, followed by the man.

Joy never quite forgot the horror of those moments as she tore along, hearing the quick pad-pad of the nearing footfalls behind her.

The chase did not last long: in a few seconds she realized that her pursuer was gaining very rapidly. She felt his grip upon her shoulder, heard his heavy breathing, and began to struggle with all her might and main. Next instant she had broken away and was running down the road again, panting, gasping, sobbing.

But Joy's strength was almost exhausted: she knew well that this was her last effort. In a few minutes she was forced to slacken speed, and as she did so realised that the man was no longer following.

He had stopped short exactly where he had just overtaken her. He stood there, in the middle of the road, staring at an object which he held in his hand.

Joy recognized it at once as the handkerchief which she had worn thrust into the front of her coat. Evidently, she had dropped it in their struggle, but this did not explain the manner in which the man stared at it.

Suddenly he crushed it together in his hands and pressed it against his face. Joy was near enough to see his eyes staring across it in a wide, fixed gaze, near enough to hear that he was muttering to himself.

He stood thus, for five minutes or more; then, suddenly, turned and slouched away, back towards the village, with the little crumpled handkerchief still pressed against his face.

For some time longer Joy sat on the grassy bank by the roadside, her forehead knit with perplexity, her eyes fixed upon the dusty road at her feet. Then at last she rose and retraced her steps.

At the door of one of the ruined houses in the village a woman was standing, a woman whom Joy had found rather more communicative than the other inhabitants.

The girl stopped now, and questioned her, describing the man who had run after her.

"I think he must be mad, poor fellow," she said.

The woman shook her head.

"Yes, he is mad—and also dumb," she answered. "We think that he must be a native of one of the destroyed villages who was injured in the bombardment. We found him amongst the ruins here when we returned, and he does nothing but wander to and fro, from the village to the wood, from the wood back to the village. It is pitiful to see him, Mademoiselle, but what wonder if he is mad? 'Tis strange, truly, that we are not all the same! Very likely his family—his wife—his children, were all killed before his eyes, poor soul! It has happened thus so often."

Joy walked slowly back to the little inn, and the perplexed and troubled look had not left her face or her eyes. At the garden gate she paused and looked back along the road.

"It's not always easy to travel . . ." she said under her breath, "when one doesn't know the country, or the roads, and there is no map—and one may so very easily go wrong—"

Five minutes later Joy, to all appearance, was her cheerful everyday self again: only a little cloud of perplexity still darkened her gold-flecked grey eyes.

When Joy went up to Elaine Courtenay's room that evening after dinner to see that her hot-water bottle was filled and all ready for the night, she went straight over to the dressing-table, and searched for an instant amongst the objects which lay upon it.

Then she caught up a small bottle and, glancing furtively to left and right, thrust it into her pocket.

Half an hour later, when she had seen Elaine safely established on the sofa in her bedroom, Joy announced her intention of going out again.

"I think I need a little walk—to make me sleep," she said. "But I shan't be long; I'll be back in less than an hour to read to you for a bit, if you like."

To herself, Joy confessed honestly that her next actions required a good deal of resolution. Even to herself she dared not allow quite how frightened she was, as she walked steadily and quickly down the white

## THE SUREST SENSE

road, through the village on towards Belleville Wood.

And as she walked she took the little bottle from her pocket and drew out the stopper.

Joy forced herself to walk very slowly along the road between the tangled bushes, where the twisted and torn trees stood sentinel. She would not let herself turn back, or even hesitate, when she saw the figure of a tall, gaunt man sitting beside the road on the trunk of a fallen tree. She walked on deliberately, and crossed the road slowly, so as to pass very near to him.

When she was still a few yards away he looked up, then struggled to his feet and stood staring, and drawing in sharp whistling breaths through his nostrils.

Then of a sudden he spoke—and in English.

"The smell . . . the smell . . ." he muttered.

He strode close to Joy, gripped her by the arm, peering down into her face. She faced him bravely and quietly, although her

heart was thudding fiercely and her whole body trembled. There was a new look in his eyes now, a look of strained and wondering perplexity, and she saw that his ferocious frown was not so much of fury as of puzzlement.

He muttered something unintelligible, then spoke again.

"The smell . . . smell . . . Elaine . . ."

A thrill of wild excitement ran through Joy, but she managed to speak quite quietly and steadily.

"Yes, Elaine . . . he is here."

"Where?" He muttered the word

almost under his breath, peering from side to side.

"Come with me: I will take you to Elaine," Joy said gravely and commandingly.

Rather to her surprise the man obeyed her with pathetic and childlike docility. Like a child he let her hold his hand and



"The smell . . . the smell . . ."  
he muttered

Drawn by  
Sydney S. Lucas

lead him with her along the road until they reached the inn.

Once inside the gate Joy led her companion to a white seat covered with a bower of clematis. Here she made him sit down, bending over him and speaking gently and peremptorily.

"Wait here," she said. "Don't move till I come back. I am going to fetch Elaine."

His wide bright eyes searched Joy's face wistfully, wonderingly. Then of a sudden he nodded.

"I will—stay," he said.

With feet that scarcely felt the stairs beneath them, Joy sped up to Elaine Courte-

## THE QUIVER

day's room. The elder girl was sitting by the window, looking far younger than in her daily black gown, in the soft, loose white dress, and with her hair knotted in one great coil at the back of her head. She was staring away towards the wood, dark against the sky, and spoke without turning.

"I'm so glad that you've come back, dear . . . I couldn't rest, couldn't lie still. Somehow it seems as though the spirit of Fergus was very near to-night, dragging at my heart . . ."

"Perhaps he is!" Joy tried to speak very quietly. "I—have discovered something. I want you to come downstairs with me at once—to the garden."

"At once—like this?"

"Yes, like that. Don't wait a minute."

Joy's voice throbbed with her excitement. She slipped her arm through Elaine's and drew her, unresisting, down the stairs, through the doorway into the porch.

The moon had risen now clear of the trees: its full light shone upon Elaine, as she came forward out of the shadow of the house-door and stood upon the path, looking around her perplexedly.

And suddenly a dark figure rose from the seat under the clematis, a voice cried clearly and loudly:

"Elaine—Elaine!"

There was not a moment's pause, not a second of hesitation or doubt on the part of the girl. At the first sound of that voice she ran forward across the grass-plot, crying as she ran:

"Fergus! Oh—Fergus!"

Joy drew back into the shelter of the porch and waited. She heard Elaine's voice, very soft, very tender.

"My poor boy—my own man— Yes, dearest, it is Elaine, really Elaine . . ."

There followed a long silence, broken at last by the man's voice, uncertain, with a perplexed, wondering note in it.

"Where am I? What are we doing

here? I seem to have been asleep . . . or ill . . ."

Joy came forward quietly.

"Yes, you have been ill, Captain McEwen," she said. "You must not try to think too much yet—you must rest until you are better." She spoke softly to Elaine. "He must have been badly wounded—and it was shell-shock, I think. It seems that he lost his memory—that he has been wandering about here ever since; he may never know exactly what happened. . . . But he is beginning to get better—he knows you—and it will all come right—I am sure it will come right!"

Joy's confidence was justified. Captain McEwen's clouded, bewildered senses returned as slowly but as surely as his bodily health. Back in England at his own home, his recovery went on steadily.

And Elaine Courtenay had listened with almost incredulous gratitude to the strange story of the way in which the balance of his brain had been restored.

"It was the scent," Joy said. "That wonderful, wistaria scent you always use. I've never smelt it before—and neither had Captain McEwen: it just seems to belong to you! Don't you remember you lent me your handkerchief, just before I went out that afternoon, and it had your scent on it? Captain McEwen recognized it, as I passed—it was just that which made him follow me and snatch the handkerchief. I thought and thought, and suspected something, only I wasn't sure enough to dare to say anything to you. But I emptied the whole of your bottle of scent on my dress when I went out again in the evening—I was simply soaked in it, and—well—the stronger dose seemed to complete the cure! When he said your name I knew for certain, and fetched you. It just proves that Kipling was right:

"Scents are surer than sights or sounds . . ."







Miss Maude  
Royden

Photo:  
R. Haines

# A Woman's Gospel

*An Interview with Miss  
Maude Royden*

*By Agnes M. Miall*

"THEY all believe in God; they all believe in the infinity of God—"

"Certainly."

"Then why not concentrate on the things they *do* accept instead . . ."

The speakers strode out of earshot—two well-dressed men emerging from the 9.30 a.m. train at Victoria.

"A commonplace incident," you might say, "and quite superficial remarks."

Commonplace? Yes. It is what all the *real* people are saying. And is not a modern author right in declaring that the commonplace is always vital and tremendous?

Superficial? Perhaps. But truth is not invariably hidden in the depths of a well-

Sometimes she is on the surface, though we are all reluctant to admit the obvious.

Such commonplaces remind us of the truth (which Miss Royden, among others, firmly believes) that "mankind is incurably religious"—or, at any rate, incurably *interested* in religion, which is almost the same thing.

## An Interesting Experiment

One expression of the spiritual alertness of the laity of to-day is the intense interest displayed in books, such as Arnaud's, dealing with "The New Prophecy"—really modern interpretation of old prophecies.

Another is to be found in the new, broadly

## **THE QUIVER**

Anglican movement led by Miss Maude Royden and Dr. Percy Dearmer, whose Sunday services on unusual lines at Kensington Town Hall are a very interesting and significant experiment.

At the City Temple Miss Royden attracted very large congregations. Some perhaps came allured by the novelty of hearing a woman preach—in a “consecrated building,” that is, for of course the Salvation Army has long had women preachers. But generally those who came to scoff or to satisfy their craving for something new remained to pray—and came again—and again—and again.

Why?

### **A Beautiful Theory of Life**

Not only, I think, because Miss Royden is a delightful speaker with a wonderful voice, but because she preaches a theory of life which is very simple, very consistent, very beautiful. She interprets more vividly probably than any other preacher of to-day the fundamental teachings of Christ, and the *spirit* of freedom, sincerity and love in which He lived.

It augurs well for the religious future of London that she has had such a wide following, and equally well for the new services which she and Dr. Dearmer are now trying. I asked Miss Royden to explain the idea underlying this experiment.

“Broadly speaking,” she answered, “it is an attempt to draw back into religious life those who, disgusted with the unreasonable doctrines and the intolerance of certain old-fashioned Churches, have been driven into the wilderness of so-called agnosticism.”

“The Churches are too apt to cater only for the small and dwindling minority who *do* go to church, and to have no regard for, and pay no attention to, the many sincere and excellent people who do not.

### **A Universal Need**

“This is a grave mistake, because the need of religious life and expression is a fundamental one, and those who despair of the Churches turn to Christian Science, Theosophy and Spiritualism—systems all of which are founded upon different aspects of truth, which we think are *included* and put in their proper perspective by the teaching of Christ.

“If we can cut out the errors which have

crept into organized Christianity and keep the wonderful store of beauty and truth which the centuries have bequeathed to us, I believe we shall once more feel the pulse of that *national* religion which has, from the time of Alfred the Great and even earlier, been such a strong element in English life.

“This is our aim: as to the means, we believe in ‘the three paths.’ In other words, that a religious service should respond to the needs of the mind, the will and the aesthetic sense. Religion is concerned not only with truth and goodness, but also with beauty. The Church of England at her best has always realized this. Witness our glorious Book of Common Prayer.

“Really good music is a feature of the services. Musically Dr. Dearmer is an expert: and we both believe that the average Sunday service leaves much to be desired (and incidentally more to be omitted) in this direction. At most places of worship one gets the waltz tune and the brass band effect alternately, and neither has a really spiritual influence—though some people undoubtedly find both quite pleasant noises.”

### **Women as Preachers**

Knowing, as one does, Miss Royden's firm and sincere belief in the “common cause,” one is not surprised to find that men and women are working in entire harmony at Kensington, and that Miss Royden advocates the admission of women not only as preachers, but as priests of the Church.

“Provided,” she qualified this statement, “that they have the vocation and the training; and they should be allowed to *have* the training.

“I believe in the priesthood of the laity, and I believe that all good women can and do fulfil to a certain extent the priestly functions as set out in the Ordination Service: ‘That is to say, to be messengers, watchmen and stewards of the Lord: to teach and to premonish, to feed and to provide for the Lord's family: to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad and for all his children who are in the midst of this naughty world that they may be saved through Christ for ever.’

“I am sometimes asked if I believe that women should be allowed to continue in the priesthood after marriage. To those to whom the exercise of the priestly functions is not only a labour of love, but also

## A WOMAN'S GOSPEL

a career, I personally feel—though I would not be dogmatic about it—that celibacy gives the best working conditions. I think that there is a good deal to be said for the Roman Catholic theory of 'vocation.' It seems to me, however, that it would be the greatest mistake to lay down any hard and fast rule, above all, one that was not the same for both sexes. These things are best left to the conscience of the individual."

### The Church and Women

On the subject of the Church's views concerning the Ministry of Women, as expressed early this year in Convocation, Miss Royden, with her usual broad-mindedness, sees both sides of this very vexed question.

"I think it wrong of women to concur in their Church's treatment of them, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of truth and for the sake of society," she told me, adding:

"However, we have to look at things sympathetically and historically. Until a comparatively recent date the Church has not treated women much worse than the ancient civilizations did—or even than contemporary public opinion. She has allowed them to endow schools, colleges and churches. She has permitted some of the very influential to become abbesses—and even (a few centuries after death) saints! The Church has done a great deal for women. She has—sometimes—saved them from violent murder, sacrifice (as in India) and rape; and given them many opportunities to practise the virtues of patience, humility and poverty.

"Of course, one cannot help remembering the wholesale burning of 'witches'—including Joan of Arc; but we must look forward, not back. Except indeed to look back to Christ's *own* attitude. He understood women. He healed them in body and mind. He made them His friends. He took on

Him woman's nature as well as man's, and women have turned to Him for strength, inspiration and, above all, *sympathy* throughout the centuries. Every woman in pain thinks of our Lord on the Cross, and the pain loses something of its lonely bitterness. Thousands of women in anguish or temptation draw strength from Christ's sufferings in the wilderness or the garden."

### Towards the Millennium

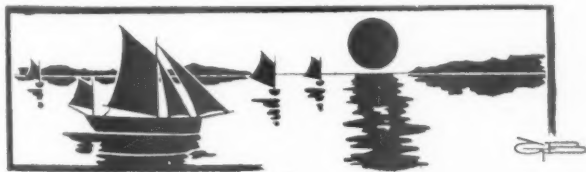
Asked if she believed in the coming of the millennium, Miss Royden replied thoughtfully:

"Not in the sense that I think there will be exactly a thousand years of peace during which Christ will reign on earth as a personal King. But I do believe emphatically that the Kingdom of Heaven will come *on earth* in a very real sense, and I think that a partial realization of the Kingdom may come quite soon—if we work for it, but certainly not otherwise.

"You know," she went on, smiling, "we have such a habit in matters religious and social of kneeling down and praying for a perfect world and then getting up and going away to sow the seeds of a diabolical one.

"When we learn to work for the millennium as well as to pray 'Thy Kingdom come,' we shall be within measurable distance of its realization. First we have to clear away disease, war, social injustice and international jealousy.

"Ours is a time of tremendous hopes. If we had faith as a grain of mustard seed we *should* live to realize the millennium. Unfortunately it has become the habit of 'religious' people to postpone the idea of a really joyful existence until we reach another world. As Mr. Cramp observed the other day, 'They are not really interested in us till we are dead!' Let us reverse all this. Let us believe and proclaim that 'the Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand*.'"



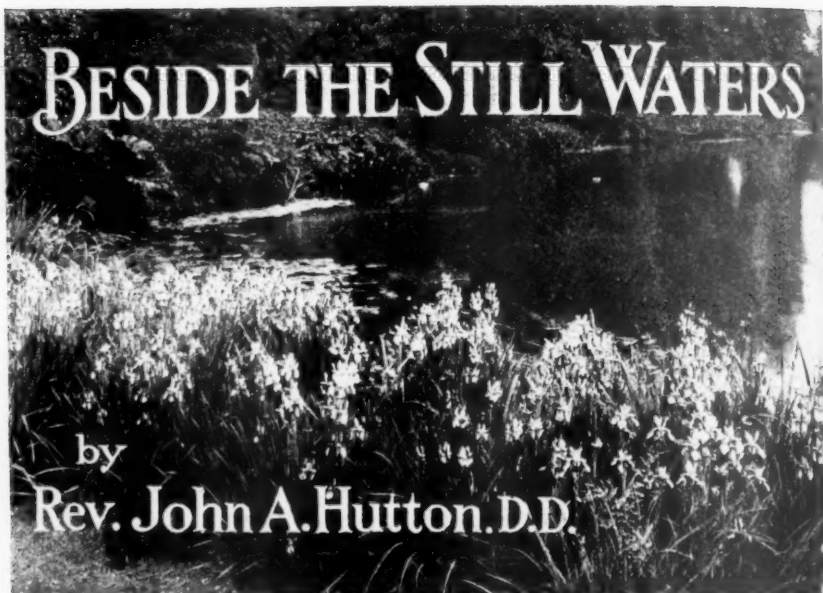


Photo . R. A. Mally

"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and Jesus also was bidden."

**T**HIS is perhaps the sunniest spot in the New Testament. We have only happy thoughts when we recall the marriage in Cana of Galilee. There are reasons why this scene always appears to be lying in the sunshine as we look back upon it. For one thing, it was a marriage, and therefore a glad occasion in itself; for unless we have become ill-natured and envious it should at all times make us happy to see others happy. And then, as the story is told us, it is not made the vehicle of any reproach against us. The Evangelist tells the story simply because it happened, and, as he perceived later on, was itself a beautiful and significant thing. And we love it because of its gentleness, and because it makes no attack upon us, unless indeed it be to inflict that delicate wound which we trust we shall never resent, which we are conscious of when, far on in life, we recall something from the days of our childhood.

The story acquires for us an added pathos when we reflect that very soon all this gentleness and security passed away. We know the hard days that followed for Jesus: and so we are affected by this story as we are

when we look on at little children at play, and think of the stern world that lies in wait for them.

St. John, with wonderful art, shows us Jesus first and last in Galilee amongst His own hills. The first chapter and the last chapter show us our Lord *there* in His own country, and surrounded by His early friends. From Galilee back to Galilee; from home back to home; from the side of God back to the side of God—it comforts us to think that in spite of all that the world contrived *that* was the perfect setting in which Jesus came and went.



#### **At a House of Merriment**

**A**S I look back upon this story, there are one or two things which come to my own mind. For one thing, I learn from the story that Jesus can take part with us in our daily lot, in the common joys and sorrows of our life. Here we find Him at a wedding. He was invited to it and He went. So long as He was there He behaved simply as a guest, sharing the common joy, feeling the general heartiness and Himself promoting it. We might have supposed that Jesus would

## BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

have been above going to such a place at such a time. We might have thought that He was always engaged in solemn matters; that there was no congenial company in such a place for such as He. But we must take care not to try to improve upon Jesus. The fact is, He went. He did not consider Himself above going, and He did not consider such an occasion beneath His notice or outside the things which He approved.

We might have supposed, too, that once there He would have tried to turn the thoughts of the guests to higher things than feasting and merrymaking; that He would have preached to them; that He would have spoken to them of the fleeting nature of all earthly happiness, and sought to lift their eyes to the stars which had seen the end of all the generations and which in a few short years would look down upon their graves. We might have supposed that Jesus would have taken the opportunity to depress those gay and simple people, by letting loose upon them a draught of the cold breath of eternity. But it was not without reason that Jesus long ago was declared to be the world's first Gentleman. He did none of these things. He did not speak of Himself or of His Mission, but simply entered into their joy and did something to increase it. With that sympathy which enables us, if we have retained anything of our own innocence, to take part with children in their play, although in another hour we may have to face some anxious matters of our own, so Jesus looked on while the happy company took their pleasure, and when something was wanting He Himself supplied it. It may very well be that when Jesus left that house of merriment He went away by Himself, and all alone knelt down and prayed, facing in His own spirit the prospect of the Cross. But all that only heightens our sense of His greatness and fineness and goodness, that He stooped to join some simple people in their natural joys, and cast no shadow upon the scene. That was what Jesus did naturally and simply, as though nothing else were possible to Him. His joys He shared with others; His sorrows He shared with God.



### Making the Wine of Life

THIS leads me to a second kind of principle which comes to my mind at the suggestion of this story. Here we read that

Jesus took common water and turned it into wine. Now that is something more than a fact; it is a most blessed truth. The fact is, life without the light and meaning that Christ gives it, and with any other meaning or with no meaning, becomes a thing which literally does not bear thinking about. And so, men and women who do not think of life in the light of Christ, sooner or later stop thinking about it altogether. They just go on. What is life but *doing time*, if it have no holy and fine intention? "But how a smile of God lights up the world!" Certainly man has done all his big things and has maintained his obscure fidelities from age to age always by the light of some love, always for the sake of somebody. Without this higher interpretation, without this hidden communion, we are like men in frail boats, out upon a lonely sea, driven one day by some senseless tempest, on another day lying in a horrid calm. Life without faith is nonsense.

I do not wish to speak unfeelingly of those who may find life a dull and dreary business, and who in consequence think to break up the dullness with some passionate course which at the time in their best moments they despise. But that is not turning water into wine; that is turning water into a drug which may agitate us for a night, only to cast us next morning upon a more dismal shore.



### The Best at the End

THIS leads me to a third principle underlying life which this story from the Gospels seems to be designed to recommend to us.

The wine, you will remember, had given out. Whereupon Jesus came to everybody's relief. When they had tasted what came from His hands, the master of the feast exclaimed, "Every man," said he, "at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse: but Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

That ruler of the feast said a better thing than he knew. Anything we have from Christ is at its best at the end. They are always good—the things Christ gives us—once we have come to love them. But in the school of Christ, as in any other school, it may very well be that the first days are a little strange, and the first lessons some-

## THE QUIVER

what against the grain. It is just this that gives all manner of evil things their opportunity—low ways of speaking about life, mischievous doctrines, and the allurements of the senses. These, if we are blind to the indignity they propose to us, do seem to have the advantage at the beginning. But surely we are to judge a principle of life not by its first taste but by its last taste. Surely, unless we are going to repudiate our reasonable nature and sign a kind of Devil's compact that if he will only help us now he may have us at the end—surely we shall never accept principles which may give us indeed flares of excitement, that lead on to nausea, and in the end either to nothing or to a great fear!



### Pan or Christ

IN the long run there are only two gods in this world. The one is the old god Pan, with a goat's cloven foot. And the other is our Lord and Saviour. I say these are the only two possible gods—possible to the human mind. To the human conscience there is only one possible, for Pan is impossible to decent people.

If Pan had been good enough for us, he would never have been dethroned. It surely casts light upon our true nature that if we *will* be natural—in the sense of sensual, abandoning reason and conscience—we arrive at a stage when we discover that it is not natural for a human being to be natural in that sense.

Of course it takes time for any false principle to betray itself; and before it has betrayed itself many a soul precious in the sight of God has to sup sorrow and go down in bitterness. But surely there are some things which we might take on credit; and the wisdom of the human race, on this matter literally of life and death, is something we may take as final. In the course of his long journey man has made all the great experiments. He has experimented with the god Pan, and from time to time he has made a worship of the senses.

By the time Christ came to earth the old god Pan, who is really the Devil, had all but extinguished the human soul. But Christ

came with His fineness, with His severity, so desirable to that exhausted time. Christ came dispensing water fresh from the hills to fevered and shame-stricken men; and as they drank water from His hand and perceived His kind and unapproachable face, it was no longer water but a new and stirring gift of God.

"Let no man say he is happy until he is dead," said the disciples of a certain philosophy. They meant something very true. Let no man say he is secured against the various assaults and wearing processes of time until he has taken into his life One who will moderate and control and sanctify life's hidden impulses, and cast out its secret treacheries; and so maintain us that at the end, looking back, we may not be ashamed or afraid.



### The Quotation

ANSWERED, "He will come."  
*And, all day, I sen' prayer like incense up  
To God the strong, God he beneficen',  
God ever mindful in all s rife and srai',  
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,  
Till at the last He put's forth might and saces.*

*And still as the day wore, the trouble grew  
Whereby I guessed here wou'd be born a star.*

POMFILA.



### Prayer

O Saviour of the World. Tho fast come and gone and come again to remain with us for ever in the Spirit: do Thou become for us in these latter days what in the days of Thy flesh Thou didst yearn to be to all who should put their trust in Thee.

Behold us as we toss in frail barques upon the sea, and let Thy blessed voice still the raging waters and calm our troubled hearts. And, entering into our life, may Thy Companionship take all threatening from our circumstances, so that looking before us, with the security of Thy Presence, we may see not far off the firm shore towards which if we were wiser we were straining. And this we ask, humbly, out of our necessity, and in the grateful remembrance of many a deliverance wrought on our behalf by Thee, our blessed Saviour! Amen.





# A Kick in the Ribs

A Dog Story  
By  
Anice Terhune

BETTY ELLISON and two callers were having tea in a corner of the vine-covered veranda where the honeysuckle and climbing roses grew thickest. It was the hottest of hot June afternoons; but the tea was of the choicest China tea with dainty little cakes and sugared trifles.

Betty always did this sort of thing to perfection. Indeed, she did most things to perfection. She was looking especially lovely, too, this afternoon in her cool, white frock, as befitted such a delightfully pretty girl on such a sizzingly hot day.

"Easy to look at," her neighbour, Jack Lambert, commented mentally. His fellow caller, Wallace Rood, had much the same thought. The two men, clad in white flannels and snowy shoes, were as immaculate in appearance as their hostess.

Then, all at once, bedlam broke loose. Into the midst of this green coolness and white immaculateness, bounded happily a huge, furry, pink-tongued, white-toothed mass of rich black mud—that had once been a grey collie dog.

Betty, a cake dish in one hand, a very full cup in the other, dodged spasmodically, and shrieked:

"Go 'way, Dawn! Down!"

But she was an instant too late! Before she could free her hands, the muddy creature, in a frenzy of delight, had hurled himself at his mistress, playfully patting her white dress with his dirty, wet paws, and covering her with grimy moisture.

"Look out!" she gasped. "He's been in the lake, and then rolled on the muddy bank! Down, Dawn!"

But Grey Dawn, evidently, had had wonderful adventures in the lake, and was determined to tell everyone about them.

Before Betty could get a firm grip on the slippery dog, he had rushed, in excited greeting, to each man in turn, rubbing his right side on one pair of trousers, his left side on the other pair, curving gleefully about among his three victims—now almost as mud-streaked as himself.

"You should have been named 'That Brown Taste the Morning After'—instead of 'Grey Dawn,'" chuckled Jack Lambert, leaping sideways in a vain attempt to elude the collie's agile paws.

It is amazing how much havoc a really enterprising dog can create. If he has the courage of his convictions, and doesn't let himself be deterred from his original purpose, he can make white black in an incredibly short time.

Lambert, who was an ardent adorer of Betty's, and therefore a friend of Dawn's—and a tremendously nice chap in the bargain—took the sudden, muddy deluge with perfect good humour.

Not so the other guest. It was Wallace Rood's first call on Miss Ellison. Jack had brought him along to show him "the only girl in the world," and Wallace had been more than willing to be shown—and to show. Hence, his newest pair of white trousers, and the rest of his glorious paraphernalia.

Miss Ellison was all that Jack had said, and more, Wallace had decided almost at once. And just as he felt that the girl was bringing out his best conversational powers, and that he was rising to hitherto unknown heights of brilliance, this rotten, measly dog must jump into the middle of things, and make him look absolutely ridiculous in Miss Ellison's eyes!

He lacked Jack's sense of humour. Also, he was not yet in love with Betty; so instead of pushing Dawn off with a friendly grin, as Jack had done, Rood gave him a kick—a vicious kick—in the softest part of his ribs.

In all the eighteen joyous months of his life Dawn had never before been kicked. He stood stark still for a moment, gazing at Rood with astonished, sorrowful, contemplative eyes. Also, he raised his upper lip ever so little over an eye-tooth. Then, indignation overcame amazement. Without a sound, the collie sprang for the man's face.

Lambert intervened, leaping forward and

## THE QUIVER

catching the furious mass of wet fur in mid-air. Still holding the writhing collie, he lowered him to the ground.

Both he and Betty were fighting hard to remember that Rood was a guest, even though Dawn, momentarily, had forgotten it. Betty seized her angry pet by the collar, and ran with him down the steps, toward the kennels. As she went, she whispered comforting, apologetic things into one of his furry, grey ears.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Rood," she called, as she hurried back, minus the collie. "Please accept Dawn's humble apologies. He's awfully sorry, too! He said so, on the way out to his kennel! Jack will tell you that he's really a beautifully behaved dog—isn't he, Jack?"

"Never have I seen a more perfectly brought-up child," declared Lambert dramatically. "And he's a good mixer—anybody can see that."

"That'll do, Jack!" said Betty severely. "We're all in the same boat. Shall we stay dirty and finish our tea while we dry off, or would you rather go upstairs into Dad's dressing-room and try sponging some of it off?"

"What's a little bit of mud to souls as pure as ours!" cried Jack. "By all means let us stay where the food is! Cheer up, Wallace, what's the matter?"

Wallace furtively dabbed at a mud spot on his knee.

"I'll have to be going in a minute," he said stiffly, "but before I go, can't we arrange for a ride together, Miss Ellison? Jack says you like to ride. What do you say to to-morrow morning?"

"I'd love it," answered Betty. Then, turning toward Lambert, "Are you going with us, Jack?"

"Can't, worse luck!" returned Jack, scowling fiercely at fate. "I've promised Dad I'd motor him over to Morristown at seven-thirty a.m. 'Up with the lark,' and all that stuff! Dad's on a hunt for data for one of his law cases, and I'm a mere worm! While you're gambolling merrily along on horseback, through the upland woods, just think of me with my heart buried in Brookside mud——"

Jack's nonsense was cut short by the toot of a motor horn. A big car came lumbering down the drive. At the same moment, three seven-months-old collie pups rushed around the corner of the house, and made a bee line for the oncoming car. Directly into its

path they ran, barking wildly, and disregarding the shrieks of the anxious motorists.

Then, like a grey streak, Dawn dashed out from nowhere, and whirled up the drive. With his mighty shoulders he knocked first one puppy out of the way, then another, until all three were quickly pushed out of danger and on to the grass. The sheep-herding instinct of centuries had flashed out a moment in Dawn.

As the car rolled by and came to a halt under the *porte-cochère*, the collie gave a quiet glance over the puppies' heads at Betty—a glance which said as plainly as words:

"I was naughty a little while ago, dear mistress; but now I've saved the puppies for you, so please love me again!"

Then he opened his mouth and grinned, as he stood, still looking only at his mistress.

Betty patted the dog and said:

"Good little Grey Dawn! You're all forgiven now!"

The bunch of young people, descending from the car, covered the muddy dog with praise, and fed him with biscuits until he wagged himself into the queerest shapes, over and over again, in his happiness at being once more appreciated.

"That's the most wonderful thing I ever saw!" exclaimed one of Betty's very enthusiastic friends.

"Imagine a dog knowing enough to drive those puppies out of danger!" said another. "How did you ever teach him to do it, Betty?"

"I never taught him at all!" answered the girl laughing. "That's the funny part of it! He always rushes them out of harm's way like that; and then he looks straight into my eyes afterward as much as to say: 'Did you see what I did?'"

"He's full of wonderful tricks," said Jack, with pride, to the world at large.

In all the jolly crowd the one person whom Dawn avoided was Wallace Rood. Dawn had had time to meditate on the guest law, taught rigidly from puppyhood to every dog on the place. No longer did he seek to attack Rood. But he gave him a wide berth. And there was no friendliness in his soft, brown eyes when they chanced to rest on the man who had kicked him.

And Wallace, too, was the one person who had no word of praise for Dawn. He looked decidedly bored at the laudatory chatter, and said at last:

"Now be honest, Miss Ellison. You know

## A KICK IN THE RIBS

no dog would have sense enough to do a thing like that unless he was taught! *That* takes reasoning power!"

Betty's eyes flashed.

"If you understood collies, Mr. Rood, you'd know it was possible! He not only herds the puppies, but if they start barking when I take my car out of the garage, he runs right among them, and scolds them in a funny high bark—just like a fussy mother—and he stops their noise, every time, too! Dawn is *very* clever—and he often reasons things out—just as he has reasoned out that you don't understand him, and don't like him—so he keeps away from you!"

"But—"

"If you say any more about Dawn, I won't go riding with you to-morrow morning!" Miss Ellison announced smilingly. But there was a tinge of finality in her remark that made Rood change the subject at once.

"Will it be too early if I say ten o'clock, for our ride?" he asked meekly.

"No, that will suit me perfectly," agreed Betty.

"Don't forget about my heart and the Brookside mud," said Jack, with mock sadness. "And, speaking of mud, let's tell these people that we were born white, even like unto themselves! And then, as a dream, 'nosey Dawn rose out of the lake,' touched us lightly here and there, and— You tell them the rest, I'm going home to wash up!"

The two men went away, while Betty explained that there had not been a mud-slinging contest, though things looked a bit that way. This brought the subject quite naturally around to Grey Dawn again.



"Betty, off guard, was almost unseated by Jill's wild spring"—p. 766

Drawn by  
W. Dewar

The next morning was perfect for riding. Betty and her companion ambled on through leafy lanes and bypaths, rather than taking the open road, for Betty's horse, Jill, was high-spirited and hated the smell of petrol. Also, she resented being passed by motor cars, and usually she tried to beat them at their own game.

Betty was a splendid horsewoman, and had Jill in perfect control at all times; but she humoured her horse in her dislike for the motor highway. So, when the choice lay with her, as it did this morning, she always chose paths rather than roads.

Wallace Rood was riding Jack's horse. The man was good enough to look upon, arrayed in the very latest of riding togs. He sat well, and handled his horse fairly; but Betty felt, instinctively, that he did not

## THE QUIVER

understand horses much better than he understood dogs.

The ride lasted for two hours or more, and was quite without event until they struck a narrow bridle path, about two miles and a half from the Ellison home. It was Betty's favourite path, and led right through a patch of birches into an upland field, where the view was charming. The girl's horse was leading, and as Jill picked her way daintily through the thick tangle of wild-rose-starred underbrush, Betty looked back over her shoulder, and made laughing answer to a remark of Rood's.

As luck would have it, a bumble-bee chose that very moment to fly out of a wild rose and blunder into Jill's ear. Then he tried to sting his way out. Jill went straight up into the air. Betty, off guard, was almost unseated by Jill's wild spring. She tried to quiet the horse, and to bring her in. It was no use. Poor Jill had gone crazy with pain, and she completely lost the consciousness that anyone was on her back. She reared again; then dropped her nose nearly to the ground, and proceeded to run for all she was worth.

With all the skill she possessed, Betty kept her seat. She managed to stick on, although Jill stopped again and again to rear, and buck, and then to plunge once more.

Wallace Rood, to do him justice, tried his best to catch up with the flying pair. But he was no great horseman, and he had all he could do to keep his own excited mount under control. Betty was so far ahead that he could only shout, now and then, foolish words of advice, to which neither Betty nor Jill paid the slightest attention.

Just as they broke out of the wood into the open field, Dawn emerged from a patch of forest, on the opposite side. He had had a delightful morning chasing rabbits. He had never been known to catch one; but he evidently lived in hope of doing so at some time, for hunting was one of his favourite sports. The collie was leisurely on his way home, his nose brown with fresh earth, his mouth open in his usual friendly grin, his heart at peace with the whole world.

Then, far at the other end of the clearing, he caught scent and sound of Jill and his beloved mistress. Presently they tore into view. Surely, they were acting strangely! Instinct told him something was very, very wrong indeed! Being only a dog, and not as prudent as Wallace Rood, he never

thought of himself, but only of Betty. He flattened back his ears and rushed into the very heart of danger. Across the field he raced, and reached horse and rider just as Jill, gone entirely mad, rose up on her hind legs and attempted to throw herself over backward.

At sight of the oncoming dog, Rood, far in the rear, gave a yell of horror and lashed his horse forward, meanwhile calling frantically to Dawn. But Dawn had no time to bother with Rood. He must save his mistress. That was all his dog-mind knew, or cared about, just then.

True to his collie instinct in battle, he made a leap at the horse's throat—and missed it by an eighth of an inch. His open mouth snapped shut around the flapping bridle, just under the horse's chin. And the dog hung and swung, as Jill, tossing her head and lashing about with her forefeet, strove to free herself. The force of Dawn's weight brought the mare down to all fours, bucking and plunging. Still the collie hung on, a huge fluffy, eighty-pound grey ball.

Then Rood, still yelling at Dawn, galloped up alongside, and with his riding whip dealt the brave dog a fearful slash.

"Let go, you fool!" he shouted, as he rained blow upon blow on the collie's swinging body. "Let go! You're driving the horse crazy!"

Dawn never loosed his grip. He merely curled his legs up tighter, while trickles of blood showed through his soft fur.

"Stop!" panted Betty, at the first blow, with what little breath she had left. "Jump down and catch Jill! Can't you see that Dawn's holding her for you?"

Still Dawn clung—and swung; and because even a horse cannot keep on plunging about with an eighty-pound weight hanging to its chin, Jill finally came to a shivering standstill, just as Rood, at Betty's order, dismounted and caught her bridle. In a trice Betty had slipped down and run up to Dawn.

"Are you hurt?" she cried.

At sound of her voice Dawn turned his eyes—he could not turn his head. Then, seeing his mistress quite safe on the ground, he suddenly let go of the bridle and fell in a heap at her feet, feebly trying to wag his tail and to offer a paw. Betty gathered him in her arms and hugged him, while tears filled her eyes.

"Brave, brave little Dawn!" she whispered, over and over.

## A KICK IN THE RIBS

To Rood she said not a word as he stood holding both horses—now quiet, but trembling with exhaustion. She began to examine Dawn. He was bleeding in several places from the whip cuts. And one white paw hung limp—broken by a lunge of Jill's sharp hoof.

"You'll have to take the horses home," said Betty to Rood, in a cold, tired little voice. "I shall stay here with Dawn. Take the road instead of the path. It's shorter. And please ask Dad to send the car for Dawn and me. And—and—please don't come back with them! I don't believe Dawn wants to see you just yet!"

Without delay Rood followed Miss Ellison's instructions. He felt that, somehow, he did not shine in comparison with Dawn.

As soon as the man's back was turned Betty buried her head in Dawn's fur and closed her eyes.

She felt very much inclined to faint. But she scorned girls who faint; so she just kept her eyes closed and waited. She cuddled Dawn's broken paw in her hands, and whispered foolish, tender little things which the collie, by his slowly wagging tail, showed that he understood. It was gallant in him to respond like that. For he was in agony. By nature, a newly broken paw and a wagging tail do not synchronise.

Then, a few moments later, Betty heard hurrying footsteps, and she opened her eyes. There, leaping across the high grass, was Jack Lambert—her good, reliable, dependable Jack. And she felt like weeping, for sheer relief.

"The rescue party's just down the road!" he shouted cheerily. "I got back from Morristown sooner than I thought I could. I met Wallace with the nags and he told me about it; so I swung the old car right around. It's at the edge of the field—I couldn't get it up the bank. Hallo, Dawnie, old boy! Goodness! What a sight! The poor little pup! *Some grand dog!* Thank God you weren't hurt, Betty!"

As tenderly as a woman, Jack lifted the hurt dog and carried him in his arms to the waiting car. Betty walked alongside and gave an account of the hero-collie's exploit.

That night the vet. set the dog's leg, and promised that, because the break was not on the joint, it would be as good as new in about six weeks. Dawn lay on the front steps, his head in Betty's lap, surrounded by a little knot of human admirers.



"The rescue party's just down the road!" he shouted cheerily

Drawn by  
W. Dewar

## THE QUIVER

Into the group walked Jack Lambert and Wallace Rood. The latter was very quiet. Presently he moved nearer Betty. Dawn raised his head from his mistress's lap. There was a glint of cold fire in the glance he turned on the new-comer. Deep down in his furry throat a rumbling growl was born.

"Quiet, Dawn! *Quiet!*" warned Betty firmly.

But Rood had heard the growled challenge. For a moment he hesitated. Then he said to the girl, speaking very fast and a little gruffly:

"I want to apologise to you and Dawn. I didn't know I was a cad till I met you both. All you and Jack said about Dawn was true, too. I didn't know dogs could do such things—or would. Dawn's a better man than I am. I'm more sorry than I can

say—that I hit him this morning—and that I kicked him yesterday. Won't you—won't you tell him that, please? He might not believe it if I told him."

But Dawn did believe it. The voice, rather than the words, told him much. And in the collie's white soul there was no room for lasting hatred against a repentant enemy. The growl died in his throat, and a light of friendliness stole into his eyes. Timidly Rood bent over him and stroked the silken head.

"I'm sorry, Dawn, old chap!" said the man, in clumsy penitence.

Dawn's grey plume of a tail thudded softly upon the veranda floor. What was a mere broken leg, and what were a few welts, compared with the fact that he had that day saved his dear mistress from terrible danger, and had made a brand-new friend?



On the  
Quay-side

Photo:  
W. Hill



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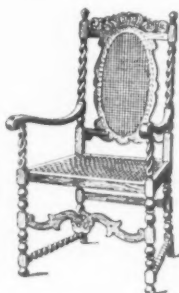
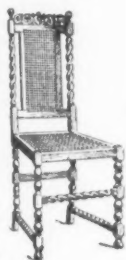
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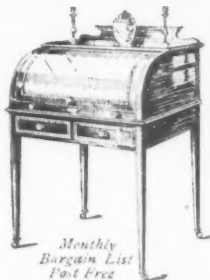
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## THE QUIVER

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### Tired of Stuffiness

"I'M fed up with blowing my nose!" exclaimed the Infant crossly. The Infant doesn't often have a cold, living as she does the outdoor life of the country, but with unflinching regularity she picks up a cold whenever she pays a visit to town. So, in mid-April, she had paid a four-days' visit to London—and returned with the inevitable stuffiness of the head. Of course we treated her with the usual and orthodox remedies (for which consult advertisement pages!), but we also allowed Nature to do her work, and took her, as usual, on our ten-mile tramp in the country.



### The Brick Wall Fad

An editor is a being of books, boxes and bags; he reads books in a stuffy box of an office, and what he can't read in his den he puts in his bag and reads at home. Some editors read books in the train, some even in bed—the whole life, of course, is a weird, unnatural conglomeration of manuscripts and stuffy rooms. You, gentle reader, are just as bad; you either work in an office, adding up figures that do not matter either way, or cook in a kitchen that is twice as hot as is good for you, or yawn in a meeting that is filled with twice as much bad air as is sufficient to kill you. Our ancestors carved flint axes in stuffy caves, or, later, made feudal laws in Norman castles with wood fires and no ventilators. And all through the ages the death rate has been higher than it ought to be because we have believed more in brick walls than in fresh air, im-

bibed poisoned gas instead of the winds of heaven.



### A Defence

This particular editor reads his books in smoky London, but when the day's work is done shoulders his haversack and sallies forth to the great adventure of the highway; hence his present health and comparative sanity!

I have said "comparative sanity"—and said it advisedly. The question sometimes arises whether, after all, the writer of these lines isn't a bit of a freak. Don't misunderstand me. I detest freaks. My great ambition in life is to be an ordinary, respectable, pass-in-a-crowd mortal. I hate to be singular. Yet this very love of outdoor life which helps to ensure my sanity seems—Irishism granted—to cast doubts on the same. If, therefore, these present notes and the general contents of this number will convince the fair-minded among my readers that I am not a freak, but am in possession of comparative sanity, the Outdoor-Life Number of THE QUIVER will not have been in vain.



### Real Life

I have said that the Infant, in spite of a prosaic stuffiness of the head, duly set out with the rest of the party on a ten-mile tramp. The day was moist. Thick, heavy clouds threatened rain at any minute. The ditches were full and the roads wet, scarcely the sort of day to make one enthuse on the joys of the countryside. Yet off we trudged, up hill and down dale, through wooded copse and over swollen

## THE QUIVER

stream. The road was hilly, the atmosphere dull, yet gradually we settled into the peaceful, comforting spirit of the high road. The worries of yesterday were less insistent, the tiredness of the brain less apparent. Soon a healthy hunger possessed us; the Infant paused in the act of blowing her nose to demand a stop for lunch. Still on we went. At long length we reached the top of a high hill, where a tall fir tree lent shelter from the wet. We crept under its shade, opened out our modest provisions, and attacked them with a will. Presently, in the stillness of the cloudy air, a perfect chorus of song arose. It was the music of the birds. Low, insistent, distinct from all the others, came the notes of the cuckoo. Then, as we watched between the branches of the overhanging tree, the mist gradually cleared, a touch of blue here and there in the sky showed itself. And then the sun came out, strong, fresh, radiant. The fog cleared off the face of the landscape, and the wonderful panorama of woods and fields, hills and valleys, spread itself out before us. A sense of peace and wonder came over us. We fell into the sweet and wholesome enchantment of Open-Air Life.



### Boiled Beef, Forsooth!

What time these wonderful things befell us ordinary mortals were labouring under the nightmare of the midday meal in the tiny brick houses at home. *Potatoes and cabbage, and thick suet pudding* as like as not, whilst we drank in the nectar of the gods. . . . Do you catch the glamour of the thing? Or is it all as Greek to you? We met one good friend upon the road and invited him to join our merry throng. Gladly would he have done so, but *they were having boiled beef for dinner* at home, and he couldn't miss it! *Boiled beef!* Why, even Esau could have warded off boiled beef, though he, alas! fell at the call of minced pottage.



### In All Weathers

Outdoor Life has its attractions at all times: winter and summer, wet or dry, hot or cold, I have enjoyed outdoor meals in all the months of the year. Last Christmas Day we motored in the pouring rain to church—and afterwards drove on into the forest, where we had our midday meal under a dripping tree between the cloud bursts; on

Boxing Day we consumed mince pies sitting on an old gate in a field. In February we lunched in a cutting in the forest, and in March had tea perched high up on the Downs. At Eastertide we walked and motored and cycled here, there and wherever we could. Spring in the country is one succession of sensations: this April we discovered the roses opening out on an old country cottage, the lilac in full bloom, the rhododendrons in gorgeous flower. As for the primroses, the Infant soon declared she was tired of picking them; never, surely, have they been seen in such profusion as in 1920.

Spring is passing, but June comes on apace. And June, surely, is the month of all months for the open-air life. If there is a soothing peace about the cold austerity of the open road in winter, if there is alluring promise in the opening buds of spring, it is as nothing to the charm of the countryside in June. So the more phlegmatic of my readers will kindly forgive the enthusiasms of this Special Number—and join the enthusiasts on the road.



### A Fearful Fascination

I have spoken of walking, cycling and motoring. Each has its charms, and they are each distinctive. Take motoring. Isn't it perfectly lovely to dream about the ideal car gliding through the air? Isn't it gorgeous to visualize the thin ribbon of road winding and turning as you advance to meet it? Motoring is delightful, but it has its drawbacks. Your car has a fatal inclination to keep to the main roads. Also, you do not get enough exercise.

There is an elusive attraction about the pastime that ever leads one on. If the car isn't running as it should there is the fatal fascination of tampering with the works "to put it right." The danger is just that you become more absorbed in mechanics than in scenery, more interested in climbing the hill on high gear than in getting the view at the top. Still, the motor is the king of the road, and once you start it is difficult to go back to the humbler methods of progression.

Cycling is good for the health and a joy to life—if the conditions are right. I have cycled across the South Downs in two days of soaking rain, I have pedalled along the flats of Romsey Marsh in the face of a head

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

wind that one could almost lean up against; I have "cycled" up and down the steep Devonshire hills where "cycling" meant walking half the way; in a measure there is a thrill in overcoming difficulties—but one gets tired of it in time. Cycling is for youth, the sunny day—and June. There is nothing to beat it—if the conditions are right.



### Back to Tramping

Pedestrianism seems mighty slow after these new-fangled modes of progression, yet one returns to it again and again. It is the only way of seeing the country properly, the one way of imbibing to the full the sweet joys of Outdoor Life. Here again you are much at the mercy of the weather; you should pick and choose your route with care, never walking on a main road where a foot-path will do.

Above all, get away from the crowd. It is positively amazing how people will persist in treading on each other's toes. I have driven through Brighton, for instance, and seen the people crowding like bees round a hive at one particular spot with the minor attractions of the pier and a band-stand. I have also spent a Bank Holiday within the vicinity of Brighton without seeing another person for hours at a stretch. Which reminds me that within a few miles of gaudy Brighton the nature-lover can come into his own supremely: leave the crowd behind and ascend the Downs. Tramp along the top from one end to the other. True, the scenery will not compare with Westmorland, nor the hills with Wales, but on the top of these rounded Downs you shall breathe such air as only God can make; on that soft, springy turf that is free and open

to you for mile on mile you can tramp to your heart's content, with a song on your lips and praise in your heart. The air of the Downs will do for you in one day what a week's doctor's physic cannot do in a week.



### Tired Out

I come back to our day on the road. I have told of the moist and misty start, the song of the birds at midday, the breaking of the clouds. We returned in the late afternoon laden up with spring flowers, and thoroughly, healthily tired out. The problems and perplexities of a weary post-war world seemed to have shrunk to more normal proportions. We had even forgotten that paper had gone up five times above pre-war rate and threatens our extinction! More important—the Infant had forgotten her cold in the head! That night we all slept the sleep of childhood, and awoke fresh for the day's adventure.



### Still Untaxed

The cost of living is going up; what the locust-plague of profiteers leaves on the bush a lynx-eyed Government skins to the bark. There is a tax on amusements, an increased rate for motors, more rent for the landlord, more wages for the bricklayer. So far no ingenious Government has succeeded in taxing the open sky and God's fresh air. Some day we shall pay even for our glimpse of heaven through the clouds; until then, get out into the open, breathe the pure air of the countryside; you will then thank me and THE QUIVER for a somewhat hysterical but otherwise reasonable advocacy of the charms of Open-Air Life.



# NEEDLECRAFT

## Dainty Crochet for the Bride

### Confetti Pattern for Camisole Trimming

**M**ATERIALS.—“Peri-Lusta” Crochet, No. 80, and a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  steel hook were used for the original of this dainty trimming. Five yards of ribbon about  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch wide were also employed.

This trimming is intended for an under-blouse or camisole fashioned of figured net. It is adapted for a long V opening in front and a rather shorter V at the back. The camisole need have no separate sleeves, only those cut in Magyar shape, with the edging of crochet to match the rest. The little bodice should be drawn into the waist with narrow elastic.

Begin at the tip of one of the fronts with a ring of 8 ch.

*1st row.*—5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. into the ring.

*2nd row.*—5 ch., 1 dc. into the first loop, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. at the end.

*3rd row.*—5 ch., 1 tr. in the first loop, 3 ch., 4 tr. in the next loop, 3 ch., 1 dc. at the end.

*4th row.*—5 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. in the loop after the last four tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.

*5th row.*—5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc. at end.

*6th row.*—5 ch., 1 dc. in the loop before the next block, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 dc. and at the end make 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.

### No. 2.—Lace and Insertion, Filet Designs and Various Trimmings

By Ellen T. Masters

*7th row.*—5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch. and 1 dc. six times.

*8th row.*—5 ch. and 1 dc. four times, 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.

*9th row.*—5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc.

*10th row.*—5 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. at the end.

*11th row.*—5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc. at the end.

*12th row.*—Like the 6th row, but work 5 ch. and 1 dc. six times.

*13th row.*—Like the 7th row, but 5 ch. and 1 dc. eight times.

*14th row.*—Like the 8th row, but 5 ch. and 1 dc. eight times, then 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch. and 1 tr.

*15th row.*—Like the 9th row, but with three blocks of 4 tr.

*16th row.*—Like the 10th row, but with six blocks of tr.

*17th row.*—Like the 11th row, but with three blocks of tr.

Now make the three rows of holes and continue the pattern, widening out the insertion till there are four complete groups of confetti and the three following rows of loops.

*27th row.*—5 ch., 4 tr., then continue the pattern as usual, finishing with 2 ch., 1 tr.

*28th row.*—5 ch., \* 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch.; repeat from \* and finish with 1 ch., 1 tr.



## NEEDLECRAFT

29th row.—5 ch., \* 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch.; repeat from \* and at the end 3 ch., 1 tr.

30th, 31st and 32nd rows.—5 ch. and 1 dc. all along.

33rd row.—Like the 29th row.

Repeat from the beginning of the 28th row till there are twenty-four patterns in the strip, counting from the end of the shaped portion. Work 30th and 31st rows. Fasten off.

Make another strip in exactly the same

between the two groups of dtr. These dtr. and ch. form the openings for the ribbon.

3rd row.—Like the 1st row.

4th row.—2 tr. into every sp. made by ch. of preceding row. In the points put 3 tr., 3 ch., and 3 tr. After working the slanting edge of front, work round the long neck margin thus: \* 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc. in same sp. as last dc., 3 ch., miss one sp.; repeat from \*. At the back miss three sp. Work plain tr. as before down the second sloped edge of front and fasten off.

For a SLEEVELET begin with 15 ch.

1st row.—Miss six, 1 dc., 5 ch., miss three, 1 dc., 3 ch., miss three, 1 dc.

2nd row.—6 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 1 dc.

3rd row.—Like the 2nd row.

4th row.—6 ch., 1 dc., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc.

5th row.—6 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr., 3 ch., 1 dc.

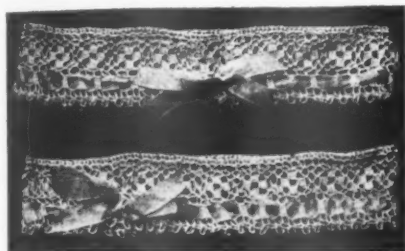
6th row.—Like the 4th row.

7th, 8th and 9th rows.—Like the 2nd row.

Repeat from the beginning of the 4th row till there are twenty-two groups of confetti. Fasten off and sew the ends neatly together.

For the edges.—Work the 1st, 2nd and 3rd rows as in the large piece of trimming, then a row of picots of 7 ch.

Along the inner edge work as in the first and last rows of the trimming. Run in the ribbon and finish it off with bows on the sleevelets and with ends to tie together in any fancied way on the neck piece.



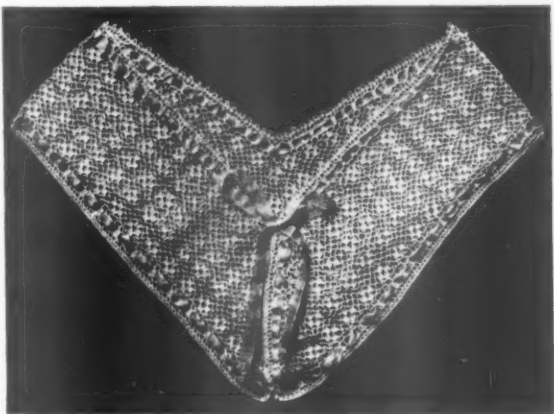
Sleeve Trimmings in "Confetti" Pattern

way, but cut off the cotton after the twentieth row of confetti and the following two rows of loops. Place the last row against the shorter side of the first strip and sew the two edges together neatly, making the pattern fit as accurately as possible. When the yoke is folded in half a nicely shaped pointed back will be obtained.

Work these rows round the edges. Begin at one of the points:

1st row.—1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all into the ring at the tip of the point, then \* 3 ch., 1 tr. into the next space at the edge of the work; repeat from \* till the point in the middle of the back is reached. In the corner hole work 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr., then continue to the angle in the centre of the neck, make 3 ch., miss one hole, 1 dc. in the centre sp., 3 ch., miss one hole and work as usual to the beginning.

2nd row.—3 dtr., 5 ch., 3 dtr. in the five ch. at tip of point, \* 3 ch., 3 dtr. in next sp.; repeat from \* to point, in which work 3 dtr., 5 ch., 3 dtr. In the back of neck miss one hole on each edge and work no ch.



The "Confetti" Pattern Camisole Top

## THE QUIVER

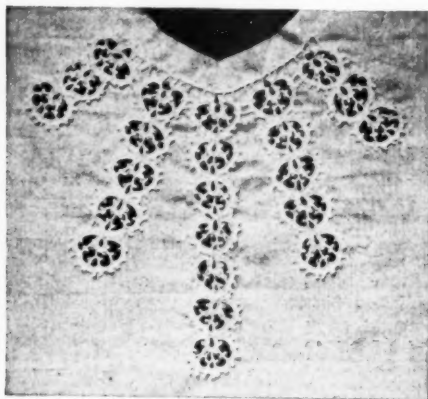
### Front Trimming—Heart Pattern

**M**ANY blouses and jumpers are again being fastened at the back, and so afford ample scope for an unbroken trimming across the front. For summer wear the design illustrated gives a pretty finish to a white blouse, but if desired it can also be utilized upon underwear, such as nightdresses and camisoles.

**MATERIALS.**—The thread employed for this trimming must depend upon the use that is to be made of it. Upon batiste, voile, and cotton fabrics of any kind, Mercer thread, No. 70, is quite suitable. For outside wear and on articles made of delicate fabrics, such as *crêpe de Chine*, the finest make of Star Sylko gives an exceedingly pretty effect. Made with black artificial silk, this pattern forms an exceedingly rich ornament for taffetas and similar materials intended for better wear.

The pattern for the five straps down the front is begun at the top with a ring of 12 ch.

Work 15 dc. into the ring, turn with 1 ch.,



For the Front of a Jumper or Blouse

then 3 dc. and 1 pt. four times. A pt. (picot) is made always with 5 ch., 1 ss. into the first of these ch., 3 dc., 13 ch., 1 pt. (that is, with the last five ch.), 14 ch., 1 pt., 3 ch., catch the last of these back into the middle one of the three dc. between the last two pts. of the ring, 3 dc. on the three ch. before the pt. in the large loop, 1 pt., 3 dc. on the three ch. after the pt. of loop, now

14 ch., 1 pt., 4 ch., catch the last loop back between the next two pts. of the ring, 4 dc. on the four ch. before and 3 dc. on the three ch. after the pt. of loop, 9 ch., catch to the fourth dc. of the four dc. before the last pt., 2 dc., 1 pt., 3 dc. into the small ring, 14 ch., 1 pt., 4 ch., catch the last ch. back between the last two pts. of the ring, 4 dc. on the four ch. before the pt. in the loop, 1 pt., 3 dc. on the three ch. after the pt., 11 ch., 1 pt., 8 ch., catch the last to the first dc. on the foundation ring. Work back on the last ch. loop, 12 dc. before the pt., 8 dc. after the pt., 8 dc. in next loop, 7 dc. in the next and smallest loop, 8 dc. in each of the next two loops, then 12 dc. after the pt. of the last loop, 1 ss. in the corner of the first ring. Turn with 1 ch., and work round the pattern thus: \* 4 dc., 1 pt.; repeat from \* five times, then work dc. without pts. along the rest of the pattern. Turn with 1 ch., and six times work 4 ss. and a pt. Make 8 more ss. without pts., which should reach to the centre of the device.

Begin the next pattern with 12 ch., catch the last ch. back to the preceding ss.; and repeat with the 15 dc. at the beginning.

When making further devices, catch the first and last of the edge pts. to the corresponding pts. on the margin of the preceding design. This serves to keep the "hearts" from turning over. Also, when working the last device of a strip, continue the 4 dc. and pts. all round the last row instead of working the plain dc. These will make a neat finish, and the half-row of ss. and pts. will not be required.

To unite the devices into a collar-shaped piece for the neck along the upper edge, take the line of seven hearts first, leave one picot free at the beginning, join the next two on each side to the side picots of a row of five hearts, so that two picots are left free at the top of each of these two devices. Join two picots on the second edge of these patterns to two picots at the margin of the end heart of the row of three, so that one picot is left free. The method of joining can better be understood from the illustration than from any printed instructions.

To work the shaped band for the neck, begin on the picot before the ring at the commencement of the first heart. 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner before the ring, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner after the ring, 3 ch., 1 tr. in the last pt. of heart, 5 ch., 1 tr. in the first pt. of the next heart, 3 ch.,

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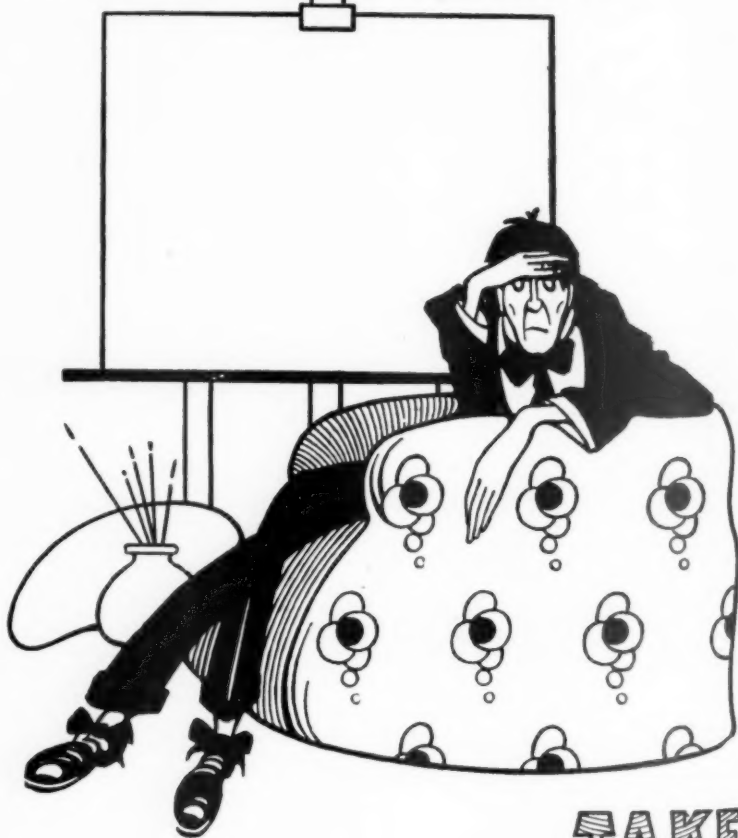
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THE QUIVER

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## NEEDLECRAFT

1 tr. in the next pt., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner before the ring, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the next corner, 1 tr. in the next pt., 3 ch., 1 tr. in the last pt. of heart, 5 ch., 1 tr. in the first pt. of the next heart, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner before the ring, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the next corner, 3 ch., 1 tr. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 tr. in the first pt. of the next heart, 3 ch., 1 tr. in the next pt., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner before the ring, 3 ch., 1 tr. in the next pt., 5 ch., 1 tr. in the next pt., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the corner before the ring, 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the next corner, 3 ch., 1 tr. in the next picot.

2nd row.—Make 5 dc. into every loop of three ch. and 7 dc. into every loop of seven ch. Above every tr. and dtr. work 1 pt. of 5 ch., as in the main part of the pattern.

### Picot Lace and Insertion

THESE are dainty little patterns for fine cotton, such as Coats's Mercer, No. 70, or Arden's ordinary crochet cotton, No. 36. If made with either of these the worker will have charming trimmings for *crêpe de Chine* camisoles or nightdresses. Should finer threads still be available, really elegant little handkerchiefs may be arranged.

Make 27 ch.

1st row.—Miss twelve, 15 tr.

2nd row.—17 ch., 1 pt. in the third ch. (in this pattern 1 pt. is made thus throughout—1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. on preceding tr., 1 tr. in same place as last tr.), 5 ch., miss three tr., 9 tr., 5 ch., miss two ch. after the fifteen tr. of last row, 1 pt.

3rd row.—Turn with 12 ch., 1 pt. in the third ch. after the first pt. of last row, 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the fifth tr. of last row, 5 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. before the pt. of last row, 5 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. after the pt. of last row.

4th row.—10 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. between the pts. of last row, 5 ch., 4 tr. before the dtr., 1 tr. on dtr. and 4 tr. after the dtr., 5 ch., 1 pt. in the third ch. after the pt.

5th row.—12 ch., 3 tr. in the loop before the tr., 9 tr. on nine tr., 3 tr. on loop after tr. (15 tr. in all).

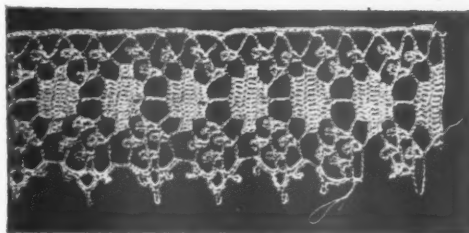
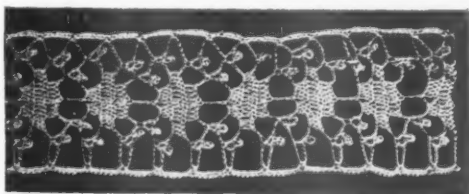
6th row.—Like the 2nd row.

7th row.—Like the 3rd row.

8th row.—Like the 4th row.

9th row.—12 ch., 15 tr. (3 tr. in ch. before tr., 9 tr. on the nine tr. and 3 tr. in the ch. after treble). Repeat now from the beginning of the 2nd row.

Along the straight edge make the following two rows.



Picot Lace and Insertion

1st row.—2 dc. in the first edge loop, \* 5 ch., 2 dc. in the next loop; repeat from \* all along.

2nd row.—7 dc. into every loop of ch.

At the pointed edge work as follows: \* 3 dc. into the first loop, 1 pt. (5 ch., 1 dc., in the first of these ch.), 5 dc. into the same loop, 2 dc. in the next loop, 5 ch. catch the last ch. back to the third dc. after the pt. of the last loop. In the small loop thus made work 3 dc., 1 pt., 3 dc., then 1 dc. into the half-finished loop of ch., 1 pt., 3 dc., 2 ch.; repeat from \* all along.

For the INSERTION.—Make a foundation of 27 ch.

1st row.—Miss twelve ch., 15 tr.

2nd row.—14 ch., 1 pt. on the third of these ch., 5 ch., miss three tr., 9 tr., 5 ch., miss two ch. 1 pt.

3rd row.—14 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. before the tr. of the last row, 5 ch., 1 dtr. on the fifth tr. of the last row, 5 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. after the tr.

4th row.—12 ch., 1 pt. on the third of these ch., 5 ch., 4 tr. before the dtr., 1 tr.

## THE QUIVER

on the dtr., and 4 tr. after the dtr., 5 ch., 1 pt. on the third ch. after the pt.

5th row.—12 ch., 3 tr. in the ch. before tr., 9 tr. on tr. and 3 tr. in the next ch.

Repeat from the 2nd row for the length needed.

For the straight edge work \* 2 dc. into the large edge loop, 5 ch.; repeat from \* all along. For the next row put 7 dc. into

2nd row.—7 ch., 1 dtr., \* 3 ch., 1 dc. in the loop of five ch., 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the middle dtr. of the next three; repeat from \* and work 2 dtr. at the end.

3rd row.—4 ch., 1 dtr. on next dtr., \* 1 dtr., 5 ch. and 1 dtr. on the dc., 1 dtr. on the next dtr.; repeat from \* and work 2 dtr. at the end.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately till nine patterns can be counted. Each pattern is made up of two rows.

19th row.—Work as in the 3rd row till fourteen patterns have been made. Turn and work back as in the 2nd row.

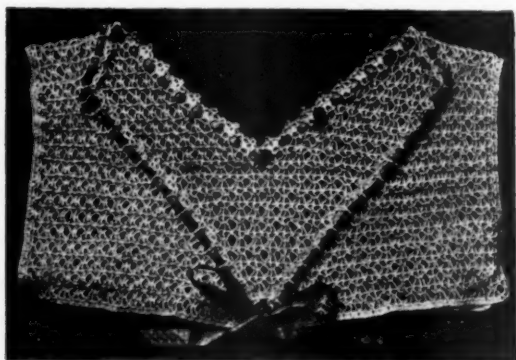
21st row.—As in the 3rd row, but leave one pattern again unworked at the end.

22nd row.—Work back in the usual way.

Continue to decrease by working one pattern fewer in each row till there remain only four patterns in the row. Fasten off.

Join on the cotton at the shoulder end of the plain strip that was left unfinished when the 19th row was worked. Make the second half of the back exactly like the first, taking care to get the shaping of the rows at the neck end.

For the lower edge of front make about 120 ch., or a suitable number for sixteen patterns or seven inches.



A Crochet Yoke for Nightdress

every loop of ch. Work this row also along the second edge.

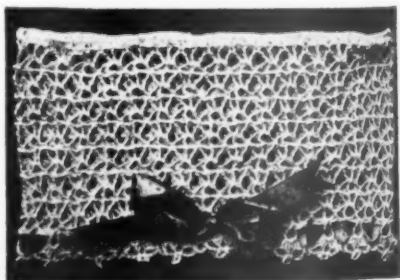
### Yoke for Nightdress

**M**ATERIALS.—Coats's Crochet Cotton, No. 20, for a useful and practical trimming, but a finer make, such as No. 30, or Mercer thread No. 70, for a superior quality of material, such as lawn nainsook, cambric, or *lingerie* silk. A No. 4 hook is required for the coarser thread, and No. 5 or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  for the finer numbers.

This yoke is made in three pieces joined on the shoulders and then bordered with a slight pattern of lace, through which narrow ribbon should be run. It forms a pretty open V in front.

Begin with the lower edge of the back with 239 ch., or as many as will make a length of twelve inches.

1st row.—Miss five (for one dtr.), 1 dtr., \* miss three ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch. and 1 dtr. into the next ch., miss three ch., 1 dtr.; repeat from \* and work 2 dtr. at the end. There should be twenty-eight patterns in all if the coarser cotton is employed, as in the model.



The Sleeve Trimming to match Yoke

1st and 2nd rows.—Make the sixteen squares as at the beginning of the back.

3rd row.—Turn after the fifteenth square.

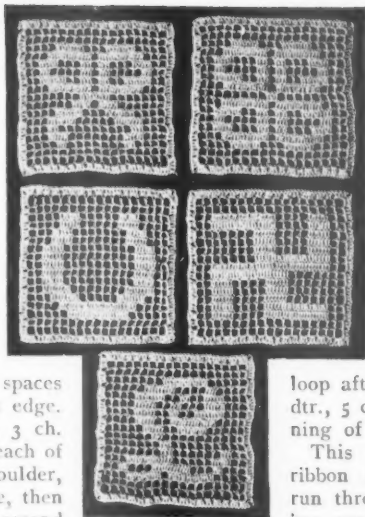
4th row.—As in the main part of yoke.

5th row.—Turn after the fourteenth square.

So continue, reducing the number of



## NEEDLECRAFT



Five Filet Designs

squares by one in every pair of rows till there are only three patterns in the row. Fasten off.

Make a second front in exactly the same way, and sew the two ends neatly to the corresponding place in the back part of the yoke. The work is then ready for the edging.

Begin in the tip of one of the points. Work 7 tr. in the point, and 3 tr. in each of the spaces between dtr. in the front edge. In the corner put 4 tr., 3 ch. and 4 tr., then 3 tr. over each of the edge dtr. over the shoulder, work the corner as before, then along the margin of the second front.

Round the NECK work thus:

*1st row.*—3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. in the projecting loop of ch., \* 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the place where 2 dtr. meet, 3 tr., 3 ch. and 3 tr. in the next projecting loop of ch.; repeat from \* all along.

*2nd row.*—1 dc. in the first loop between tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the same place, 3 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch. and 1 dc. in the loop before a dtr., 3 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the loop after the dtr., 3 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the SLEEVE make a ch. foundation long enough to serve for thirty-two of the pattern squares, or fourteen inches. This is to trim a short sleeve; a long sleeve needs a smaller cuff to fit round the wrist. It is as well to join the foundation into a circle after having worked the first row of squares.

Commence the first row of every square with 5 ch. (to serve as one dtr.), then make 1 dtr., 5 ch. and 1 dtr. exactly as in the yoke. Finish the row with 1 ss. in the five ch.

In the second row of the square begin with 5 ch. (for one dtr.), 3 ch. more, and 1 dc. into the loop of five ch., 3 ch., 1 dtr., and so on as before all round.

For the 1ST ROUND OF LACE: 1 dc., \* 3 ch., 1 dc. into next loop, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 3 ch., 1 dc., 9 ch., 1 dc. in same loop as the last dc.; repeat from \* all round.

*2nd round.*—Ss. into the second loop of

three ch., 5 ch. (for one dtr.), 3 ch., \* 3 tr., 3 ch. and 3 tr. into the loop of nine ch., 3 ch., miss one loop, 1 dtr., 3 ch., miss one loop and repeat from \* all round, finish with 1 ss. into the top of the first five ch.

*3rd round.*—1 dc. in the loop after the dtr., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the loop between the grps. of tr., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the same place, 5 ch., 1 dc. in loop after the grp. and before the dtr., 5 ch.; repeat from the beginning of the row.

This completes the lace. If ribbon is required it should be run through the 2nd round, passing over the dtr., and under the loops in which the grps of tr. are worked.

For the top, or heading of the sleeve, work treble all round, putting three stitches into every sp. between the tr. and ch. of the beginning of the sleeve.

### Five Filet Designs

THESE designs can be utilized in many ways, according to whether they are extremely fine or made with cotton of medium thickness. For the corners of handkerchiefs no thread coarser than No. 80 should be used, No. 30 is a good medium size for insets to be let into underclothing, and No. 24 for towels, nightdress cases and other household articles.

THE TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

Make 57 ch.

*1st row.*—Miss eight, 1 tr., then 2 ch., miss two, 1 tr. (The stitches in italics make a single filet sp.; it should be noted that when the number of the tr. making a block is given later on, this number does not include the tr. of the preceding sp.) Now make fifteen more spaces (17 sp. in all).

*2nd row.*—Always turn with 5 ch., 1 tr. on tr. (this will be described in future as a space), 17 sp. in all.

*3rd row.*—4 sp., 3 tr., 7 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp.

*4th row.*—3 sp., 6 tr., 7 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp.

*5th row.*—3 sp., 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp.

*6th row.*—3 sp., 9 tr., 5 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp.

*7th row.*—4 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 4 sp.

## THE QUIVER

- 8th row.—6 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 6 sp.  
 9th row.—7 sp., 9 tr., 7 sp.  
 10th row.—3 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr., 3 sp.  
 11th row.—2 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp.  
 12th row.—2 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp.  
 13th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 3 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.  
 14th row.—3 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr., 3 sp.  
 15th row.—4 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 4 sp.  
 16th row.—17 sp.  
 17th row.—17 sp.

Now work tr. round the edges of the little square. In the corners make 4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr. In the side sp. work 2 tr. and 3 tr. alternately.

### THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

Begin, as in the preceding design, with two rows and 17 sp. in each.

- 3rd row.—4 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 4 sp.  
 4th row.—3 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr.,  
 3 sp.  
 5th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 3 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.  
 6th row.—2 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp.  
 7th row.—2 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp.,  
 3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp.  
 8th row.—3 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr., 3 sp.  
 9th row.—8 sp., 3 tr., 8 sp.  
 10th row.—Like the 8th row.  
 11th row.—Like the 7th row.

Continue to work backwards till the design is completed. Make the two rows of spaces and carry the treble border round the edges as above described.

For the HORSESHOE.—Remember that the traditional way of using a horseshoe device is with the horns uppermost. To turn them downwards is incorrect, though it is often done.

After the two rows of spaces :

- 3rd row.—5 sp., 21 tr., 5 sp.  
 4th row.—4 sp., 27 tr., 4 sp.  
 5th row.—3 sp., 9 tr., 5 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp.  
 6th row.—2 sp., 9 tr., 7 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp.  
 7th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 9 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.

Work the 7th row four times more.

12th row.—3 sp., 6 tr., 7 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp.

13th row.—Like the 12th row.

14th row.—4 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp.

15th row.—Like the 14th row.

Now work two rows of holes and border the square with tr. as before.

For the SWASTIKA, perhaps the most ancient symbol of good luck that exists:

Work the two rows of holes as usual.

3rd row.—2 sp., 21 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.

4th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 21 tr., 2 sp.

5th row.—7 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.

6th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 7 sp.

7th row.—Like the 5th row.

8th row.—2 sp., 24 tr., 7 sp.

9th row.—2 sp., 39 tr., 2 sp.

10th row.—7 sp., 24 tr., 2 sp.

11th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 7 sp.

12th row.—7 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.

13th row.—Like the 11th row.

14th row.—2 sp., 21 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp.

15th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 4 sp., 21 tr., 2 sp.

For the letter L work as follows:

Two rows of holes.

3rd row.—4 sp., 15 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 3 sp.

4th row.—2 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp., 12 tr., 3 sp.,  
 3 tr., 3 sp.

5th row.—2 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 15 tr., 3 sp.

6th row.—7 sp., 3 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp.

7th row.—9 sp., 3 tr., 7 sp.

8th row.—6 sp., 3 tr., 10 sp.

9th row.—5 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp.

10th row.—4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 4 sp.

11th row.—3 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp.,  
 6 tr., 4 sp.

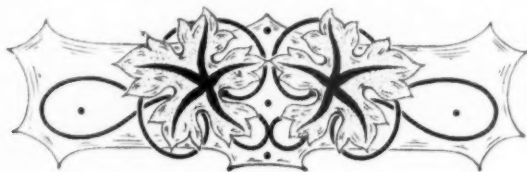
12th row.—4 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp.,  
 6 tr., 3 sp.

13th row.—3 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp.,  
 9 tr., 4 sp.

14th row.—5 sp., 9 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp.

15th row.—5 sp., 15 tr., 7 sp.

Work the two holes and the border of tr. round the square. It is not possible to give the whole alphabet here, but the bride-elect should find little trouble in designing any other desired letter to suit herself if she takes this one as a model.



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*S.S. Lancashire,  
IN THE RED SEA.*

**M**Y DEAR HELPERS,—It is always thrilling to wake up one morning and find oneself in Marseilles harbour, with a blue sky and bright sunshine, and the church of Notre Dame de la Garde brooding over the town. Looking out from the ship I am reminded of Stevenson's—

"The world is so full of a number of 'things.'"

Around us stretch docks and wharves, and all the things the world produces seem to be stacked up there. Some cargoes appear to have been there from time immemorial, others are being removed gradually and painstakingly by supercilious cranes, manipulated by excited gangs of Frenchmen or lascars. Sacks of potatoes, logs, copra, rice, tea, coffee, sugar, oil, coal, oranges—I like to watch them disappearing into the holds that are to carry them towards all the homes and hearths for which they are destined. But there is not much time for musing, for parties are made up to go ashore, and it is the early birds who catch the dilapidated fiacres in which one can roll into Marseilles. For the town is a long way from the Bibby dock and the trams are so crowded that passengers appear to be hanging on in bunches outside. We secured a vehicle and were rattled along at a greater pace than one would have expected from the horse that drew it. Marseilles was always cosmopolitan, but since the war this characteristic is greatly accentuated. It gives one a thrill of home to see "Military Police" written over a building and five stalwart khaki-clad Tommies at the door, one of them hob-nobbing with a gendarme in his pale blue cloak and képi that give him an operatic air. Farther along at the gate of some barracks stands a picturesque crowd of Senegalese in their blue

uniform and red fez, buying oranges from the "Marseillaises." And farther still we pass a group of Indian soldiers strolling along. On a railway siding stand a grim reminder of the war, German railway trucks with Köln, München and other familiar names inscribed upon them. They could tell a story, if trucks could speak.

## The Joys of Foreign Shopping

After a very long drive we arrived in the familiar noisy streets of Marseilles and disembarked in the main artery, the Rue Cannebière. There we began to potter about the shops and to buy all the odds and ends that one found one had forgotten to bring on board. It is always amusing to shop in a foreign town, but the flower-market is the most attractive spot. After the scarcity and high prices of flowers in England, it is small wonder that we carried back armfuls of roses, mimosa, carnations and violets—all to be obtained at moderate prices.

The shades of night were falling before we found another cab and started back to the ship. One of the party, who had a habit of buying things in quantities, had acquired three new hats, three dozen pairs of gloves (at 3 fr. 45 cents.—a remarkable bargain, for we had been given 40 francs for 21s.), two skipping-ropes, four packs of cards, quantities of books and a large box of marrons glacés. A drive at night to the boat is not an experience to be repeated. The mud of Marseilles was indescribable, the cab skidded continually on the tram lines; carts drawn by three horses driven abreast, and showing no lights, loomed out of the darkness and escaped us by a hair-breadth. Both the cabman and ourselves had the greatest difficulty in finding the Bibby wharf, and when we eventually dis-



## THE QUIVER

embarked in a sea of mud with the ship looming ahead of us I ventured to praise the horse that had brought us there in safety.

"C'est un brave cheval," said the cabman, a very cheerful, pleasant person.

We took leave of him and the "brave" horse, and plunged into the dark way that led to the ship. Before we had traversed the few hundred yards that lay between ourselves and the *Lancashire*, a most unpleasant-looking man seized me by the arm and demanded money. We were only three ladies in our party—and the moment was not a pleasant one. However I pulled my arm away and we ran for the ship. It was a very agreeable moment when we set foot on the gangway.

It is very inadvisable for ladies to be out alone after dark in the docks of Marseilles.

### The Gateway of the East

The fickle Mediterranean gave us some wonderful sunny days, when we basked in deck-chairs and thought that summer had come in. And then up sprang the wind and we reassumed our thick coats and rugs and wondered why we had come so far afield to find such cold weather.

But by the time Stromboli rose out of the sea we were once again in sunshine, and the wonderful peak never looked more imposing. The smoke curled lazily from the crater, a drift of clouds lay across the lower green slope and the little white houses clustered at the foot seemed the embodiment of peaceful homes. Doubtless after many years the inhabitants forget to realise that they are living "on the edge of a volcano."

Reggio and Messina were a dream of beauty, and it seemed impossible to realise that they were nearly wiped out a few years ago.

When Etna had vanished in a golden haze of sunset glory, we began to speculate on our arrival at Port Said and to anticipate the well-known diversions of that dusty spot.

When at last the ship dropped anchor off Port Said we were all asleep, but the bustle of arrival soon awoke us. There was the pleasant feeling that comes to one in an oil-run ship like the *Lancashire* that there will be none of the pandemonium of coaling or the dust and dirt that accompany it. We took our time to go ashore, and there encountered the first sign left by the war—

the examination of our passports. It was not a lengthy proceeding and we soon found ourselves once again in the familiar town, which always reminds me of Earl's Court Exhibition. All the buildings are so gimcrack, so tawdry, so pasteboard. But it is amazing to see how our troops have cleaned up the place. It has lost a great part of the dinginess which hung over it, and the streets have an air of having been spring-cleaned.

Evidence of those who have cleaned up Port Said morally too, as far as in them lies, came riding down the street—two British Military Police on splendid mounts.

"How perfect they look!" cried an enthusiastic fellow-passenger, as the bronzed smiling Tommies rode by. She made an excuse to ask the way and fondled the horse's nose while she talked to the rider.

The men certainly stood out finely among the sordid, hybrid population of Port Said that clustered round—touts and beggars old and young, trying to foist on us Turkish delight, beads, ostrich feathers and a hundred and one other souvenirs.

We resisted their blandishments and made our choice in a shop warranted to have "fixed prices." The itinerant seller is usually prepared to accept one-fifth of what he originally asks, and bargaining is fatiguing. Laden with odds and ends of all kinds—enough Turkish Delight to make us very ill—we re-embarked on the sunlit water of the harbour and returned to the boat with the usual accompaniment of shrieks and yells of the boatmen. Their one aim and object seems to be to cause a disaster by upsetting their passengers or by ramming someone on the head with their oars.

To our regret we went through the Canal at night, but even so we could distinguish the railway to Jerusalem, and the long lines of the camp at El Kantara lit up by twinkling lights, and could realise how the lonely desert had here been transformed into a populous spot. Here the Turks came down to the edge of the Canal during the war—here they were driven back. From the open tents, where Tommies were silhouetted against the light, came cries of:

"Who are you?" "Where are you going?"

"*Lancashire* . . . Rangoon—Cheerio!" And as we glided onwards through the dark-



## **"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS**

ness came "Good-by-ee" in many an accent from many a home shire.

Then the desert stretching limitless—and silence.

### **The Blue Triangle Home Service Corps to the Rescue**

My sister tells me of a most interesting visit she paid to the Residential Club of the Blue Triangle Home Service Corps at 87 Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.8, and sends me a leaflet from which I cannot do better than quote its objects: "Shortage of domestic help is admittedly a present-day problem. To aid in its solution the Y.W.C.A. has opened a hostel at the above address, able to accommodate about forty workers, who, after testing and training, become members of the above Corps, and go to work by the hour in houses and flats of the neighbourhood." "Lucky neighbourhood!" one is tempted to sigh enviously when one learns of the thoroughness with which the interests of employers and employed are studied by the Matrons and the Superintendent, and of the atmosphere of success and satisfaction which is refreshing indeed in contrast with the distrust and discontent with which we are only too familiar by now.

A bright girl in a charming blue overall and blue cap—the admirable uniform worn by all the members of the Corps—answers the door. The hostel is a veritable sun-trap, and radiates cheerfulness. When one enters the Club Room—a fine double room with comfortable chairs, a piano and a library, and (inestimable joy) steps leading to a delightful garden where tennis can be played—one can sympathise with the girl who elects to spend her evenings there in mufti and in a cheery company (visitors of both sexes are welcomed on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday), out of earshot of the summoning bell. Not that the Y.W.C.A. discourages the girls from "living in." On the contrary, they are encouraged to accept good resident situations, and in the nine months that the hostel has been open nine girls have gone to live in the houses of their employers.

The airy bedrooms are divided into cubicles. As a general rule the girls come back to the Club for all meals, and a great tribute is paid by one of them—a cook, too, with presumably a critical palate!—who prefers half-an-hour's travel back to dinner

at 2 o'clock, when her morning's work ends, to accepting hospitality elsewhere.

Workers are paid a weekly wage of 30s. for a week of 48 hours exclusive of meal times, and pay the hostel £1 a week, which covers cost of board, lodging, laundry, use of uniform, insurance, guarantee against unemployment and Club privileges. In addition to this they receive 10d. an hour for any overtime worked—and they all do work overtime, and prove that domestic service can be made not only a pleasant but also a paying occupation. Employers pay 10d. an hour and a small registration fee. The girls usually leave the Club at 7.30 a.m., and in spite of many S.O.S. calls from other neighbourhoods, their services are more than appreciated and absorbed by Hampstead, and thus time and money are saved. But one thankful employer is reported to have said, "There ought to be a Home Service Corps Club at the corner of every street," and I am sure many would endorse her opinion. There could be no surer way of smoothing one at least of the troubled labour paths than by erecting along it many of these inspiring hostels. It is very interesting to learn that practically all the members of the Corps are "demobbed" Waacs, Wrens and other war workers, though the majority were in domestic service before the war and are justifying themselves by joyfully returning to it under these attractive conditions. Their continuance in uniform, their corporate life are perpetuating that esprit de corps and smartness which characterised their work in wartime and earned them deserved praise. The blue triangle on the uniform cap with the initials "H.S.C." is only earned after a month's "character and efficiency test," which each worker must pass before she is sent to an employer. If this pioneer movement spreads, and through its agency character and efficiency become universally the practical ideals of domestic service, with independence and fair conditions in the other scale, the Y.W.C.A. will have completed the beginnings of a really great work.

Owing to pressure on space, I have had to hold over until next month acknowledgments and other matter.

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF  
(Mrs. R. H. LOCK).



## *School Story and Photographic Competitions—Results of the March Competitions*

**A**S readers may remember, June 23rd is the last day on which entries in connexion with our special school story competition can be received. For the sake of new readers, or others who may have missed my previous announcement, I will again give the particulars of this competition. The story may be of a day school or boarding-school, girls' or boys', and the length should not exceed 2,000 words. Two prizes are to be awarded, viz., Two Guineas for the seniors (readers over 18) and One Guinea for the juniors (18 and under). The story must be certified as being the competitor's own original work.

### **A Photographic Competition**

It's some time now since we had a photographic competition in these pages, and readers interested in the camera may welcome its announcement this month.

I think that, as we have reached the sunniest time of the year, we might well restrict the subject to an outdoor view. The actual taking of the photograph must, of course, be the sole unaided work of the competitor, and if, in addition, she (or he) prints and develops the picture, this fact should be stated on the back of the photograph, as it will count favourably in judging the results. The prize awarded in the senior division (over 18) will be Ten Shillings, and in the junior division (18 and under) Five Shillings. If the prize-winning entries are of sufficient merit I will endeavour to include reproductions of them in these pages.

### **Rules for Competitors**

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelope are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by June 23, 1920. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

### **Results of the March Competitions**

#### **Literary**

#### **THE CHURCH AS A VEHICLE OF SOCIAL**

#### **LIFE**

The essays upon the above subject provided quite interesting reading, and here and there some remarkably good points, both in favour and otherwise, were introduced into the writings. The results, of course, have been judged quite impartially. The prize in the senior division is awarded to F. H. SHARPE, whose essay I am printing below:

#### **THE CHURCH AS A VEHICLE OF SOCIAL LIFE**

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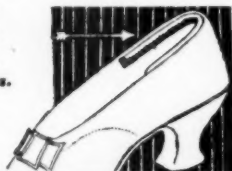
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is fired with the conception of a new order founded on the dust and ashes of the old. A world of chaos is to become a world purified. Cynics may scoff at the movement as the fantastical dream of visionaries and idealists; to those who have faith in mankind, the craving for political, religious and social reconstruction represents a definite advance in the psychology of progressive humanity. Though the present times are fraught with the dangers which attend every moral and spiritual awakening, yet to any organization possessed of the power and the will to direct and guide the tendencies of mankind, this unconscious striving after something higher and better offers boundless possibilities.

Four years of war have brought men to realize that religion is not an abstraction but a vital reality, and to-day the corporate body of religion has unique opportunities of influencing the social life of the nation. The spirit of the comradeship of the trenches will be carried back to many a parish by the padre who has laid aside khaki, and between him and his parishioners there will exist a bond of mutual respect and sympathy, which will tend to bring the Church he represents into closer communion with the hopes and aspirations of the layman. Under wise guidance, allied with a great understanding, latent tendencies may be moulded and transformed into tangible results, and the practical means whereby this end may be achieved constitute the problem of the Church to-day.

Apart from its influence as a spiritual force, the question of the Church's attitude assumes three different aspects: the economic, the intellectual and the recreative. The economic aspect of the question hardly comes within the range of the present consideration. The Church can, however, do much by educating public opinion and by striving to keep alight the fires of enthusiasm that must react upon the legislative and executive government. It is indeed only logical that she should lend her support to any reasonable demand for improved conditions of life and labour, but the whole question of economic laws is essentially one which concerns practical politics and civil administration. The intellectual and recreative aspects of social life offer a wider field.

Anything that savours of compulsory mental culture is invariably and naturally unpopular with the majority. By the exercise of tact, however, the suspicion with which parochial lectures and societies are usually regarded can be eliminated. There must be a complete absence of anything condescending or dictatorial in the attitude of the Church. The parishioners should be allowed to arrange the management and procedure of literary and debating societies, to appoint their own officers, and to choose the subjects for discussion. Every attempt should be made to keep the proceedings lively, interesting and up-to-date, and with the co-operation of a broad-minded and tactful priest the Church would have its opportunity of participating in the liberal education of the people. The cinematograph might also prove a powerful stimulus in any attempt to share in the intellectual and recreative life of the younger people. Any educational or moral aim would have to be "camouflaged," but it would lose none of its force by being presented as a current running through a story of human interest. Given the right type of film, the Church could readily depart from tradition, and organize "movies" of its own. In America the experiment has been phenomenally successful, and already in this country the Church Pictorial Movement is organizing a scheme for touring picture shows to travel in rural districts and exhibit films in country villages.

The Church could attract boys and young men by enlisting on its side Charles Kingsley's ideal of muscular Christianity. Such ambitious schemes as the construction and maintenance of gymnasias and swimming baths at present involve an almost

prohibitive financial outlay, but such projects as the formation of cricket, football and tennis clubs should present no unsurmountable difficulties to any parish. Dancing classes, concerts and socials might easily be arranged during the winter months, and would afford an opportunity of social communication for members of the opposite sexes under better conditions than usually exist in large towns and cities. The whole question involves many far-reaching issues. Local conditions and circumstances must determine the practical means whereby the new spirit is to be infused and maintained in the nation's social life through the medium of the Church.

In the struggle of mankind towards a better and more reasonable social system, the Church must step into the breach and assume leadership. Courage, enthusiasm and understanding on the part of her ministers cannot fail to awake a responsive chord. By getting into close touch with the hopes and fears of commonplace people, by familiarizing herself with the drab monotony of a commonplace world, the Church can become a vital factor in social progress, and in the spiritual evolution of mankind. By sympathy and wisdom she may guide humanity towards the dawn of freedom. By courage and faith she may lead the world to the portals of the Infinite.

F. H. SHARPE.

## COMMENDED :

Miss Margaret Ross, C. E. Braithwaite, Ethel Bickley, Annie Longland, L. E. Bartlett, Mrs. M. Luckham, V. M. Rankin, Winifred K. Coldwell, Miss B. M. Grantoff, Mary Silver, Albert D. MacGregor.

The prize in the junior division goes to MARY DICKSON BURNIE for the following :

## THE CHURCH AS A VEHICLE OF SOCIAL LIFE

The chief point in favour of an undoubtedly growing enthusiasm for the "Church as a Vehicle of Social Life" is to me the fact, that in almost every case social life becomes, to a large extent, a vehicle of the Church's life.

Judging from my own limited experience the truth of this seems easily proved; for I have been much interested in two Churches, distinguished mainly by the extremist views held by each on this question.

One has for many years, but more particularly during the last two or three, devoted its attention very strongly towards the social life of its members.

It has a Rambling Club for the Nature lovers, a Guild for those of literary and artistic tastes, and a Debating Society for a few who feel that they have within them the power to become a Lady Astor or a Lloyd George. For the younger folks there are Hockey and Football Clubs, Choral Societies, Summer Sports, and, oh! shades of our grandparents, occasional dances in the school-hall. Finally, various entertainments and other social events serve to bring old and young together in a friendly intercourse, assuredly of the greatest benefit to both.

And what has been the result of this activity? Increasing congregations and membership, real interest and anxiety as to the welfare of the Church, and a Sunday-school swollen to such vast proportions that three classes have been compelled to emigrate to the Church, in lieu of adequate accommodation on the premises. Above all, a healthy social atmosphere has been created, which acts very markedly against desires for other and less wholesome pleasures; created, moreover, not in any poverty-stricken area but in an ordinary middle-class circle, which holds in its hands the means to procure more extravagant enjoyments easily enough, did it so wish.

To return to that other Church, however. Here any attempt at social reform is looked upon with

## THE QUIVER

suspicion, regarded as altogether detrimental to its spiritual existence.

The result has been that a Young Men's Bible Class and other institutions of a similar nature, have disappeared completely, whilst the Sunday-school can now boast but a score or so of regular attendants. In the Church itself the decreasing congregations and waning enthusiasms are almost as noticeable; and the outlook for the future is black indeed, since the younger generation has, apparently, ceased to take interest in its well-being altogether.

Which brings me to the conclusion that too much cannot be said or done in support of the Church as an increasingly important vehicle of social life.

Only one argument occurs to me in opposition to this; and that is the danger, and a very grave danger it is, of the social life of a Church gaining pre-eminence over the true and essential life, that is the spiritual, finally elbowing out the latter instead of assisting it.

No words of mine, however, can so exactly describe my feelings on this subject as those of the famous evangelist Mr. Moody, when he said: "It is an excellent thing for the Church to be in the World, but a very serious matter when the World gets into the Church."

MARY DICKSON BURNIE.

COMMENDED:

W. J. Moore, Helen Orbell, J. M. Goundry, Lilian Bedford.

### Debate

#### TRADE UNIONS—THEIR MERITS AND DEFECTS

This subject aroused quite a good discussion amongst our readers; occasionally, perhaps, an argument showed that the writer was treading on unsure ground, but considering the extensive nature of the subject, which even now is hardly out of its infancy, the results were very creditable.

I have decided to divide the prize of one pound between MISS A. BROOKLING and MISS MARGARET ROSS, ten shillings being forwarded to each of these competitors.

#### TRADE UNIONS—THEIR MERITS AND DEFECTS

Man passes through several phases in the course of his life; there is the period of childhood—the time of growth, of curiosity, of learning. Next comes youth in its vigour and activity—the time of movement and action. This merges into mature manhood with its reflection and deep thought. Great movements often pass through these same phases, although

the life history of a great movement naturally spreads over a longer period of time than that of a man. Trade unionism has loomed large in the public eye of late years, perhaps because it has reached the second stage of its development. It has passed through its childhood; it has entered upon its young manhood—upon the period of passion and vigour. The movement is ripe for action of all kinds—industrial, political and intellectual. The question arises: Are the Trade Unions contributing their quota towards the advancement of the whole community or are they proving a menace to the rest of society?

A young man has many virtues. He is often obsessed with an ideal, and nothing short of its attainment in all its perfection will satisfy him. Fatigue does not trouble him, he is consumed with a burning zeal—he must do or die. Trade unionism at the present time has these virtues. It has an ideal. It aims at the improvement of the conditions of labour for its members; it would afford protection from aggression on the part of employers, and it would fight to the death to preserve the rights and privileges of the workmen, or to tear from the close hand of the capitalist that which rightly belongs to the toiler. But the ideal of the more enlightened members of this movement soars even higher than this. It seeks to enable the workman to live his life more fully than he has ever done before. It tries to extend the hours of leisure, and then seeks to provide educational facilities which will enable the workman to use his leisure aright. Truly these are laudable aims!

But the possession of the young man's virtues is unhappily accompanied by the burden of the young man's follies. There is the hasty impetuosity shown when lightning strikes are declared upon some pretext affecting perhaps a few members, whilst the results are disastrous upon the community at large. There is the quick temper causing negotiations to be broken off when a little forbearance might effect a settlement. The narrow outlook produced by hasty and shallow thinking is apparent when demands are made and threats issued which, if realized, would involve unjust suffering to other parts of the community. Trade Unions have yet to learn that one section must not dominate the whole country. The movement as a whole is suffering largely from the want of a wide and generous education of its members. So vast is the responsibility now resting on the shoulders of a trade unionist leader that even graver responsibility falls on the men who elect their leaders. Carlyle says that if the chosen leader or hero is to be a true hero, then the whole electorate must be of heroic mind. This points to the necessity for more education, particularly adult education. That this is so is shown by the fact that the more intelligent the members of a Trade Union are, the more reluctant is that society to declare a strike. Education makes for stability, far-sightedness and tolerance, and when the Trade Unions have these qualities firmly established they will be welcomed by all into the councils of the nation.

A. BROOKLING.



Our readers are informed that all the characters in the stories in this magazine are purely imaginary, and if the name of any living person happens to be mentioned no personal reflection is intended.



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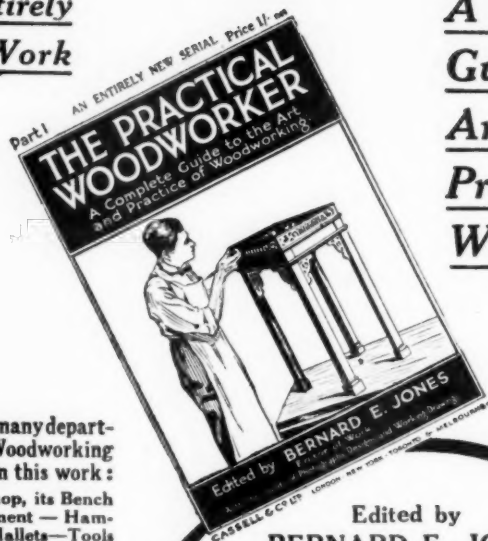
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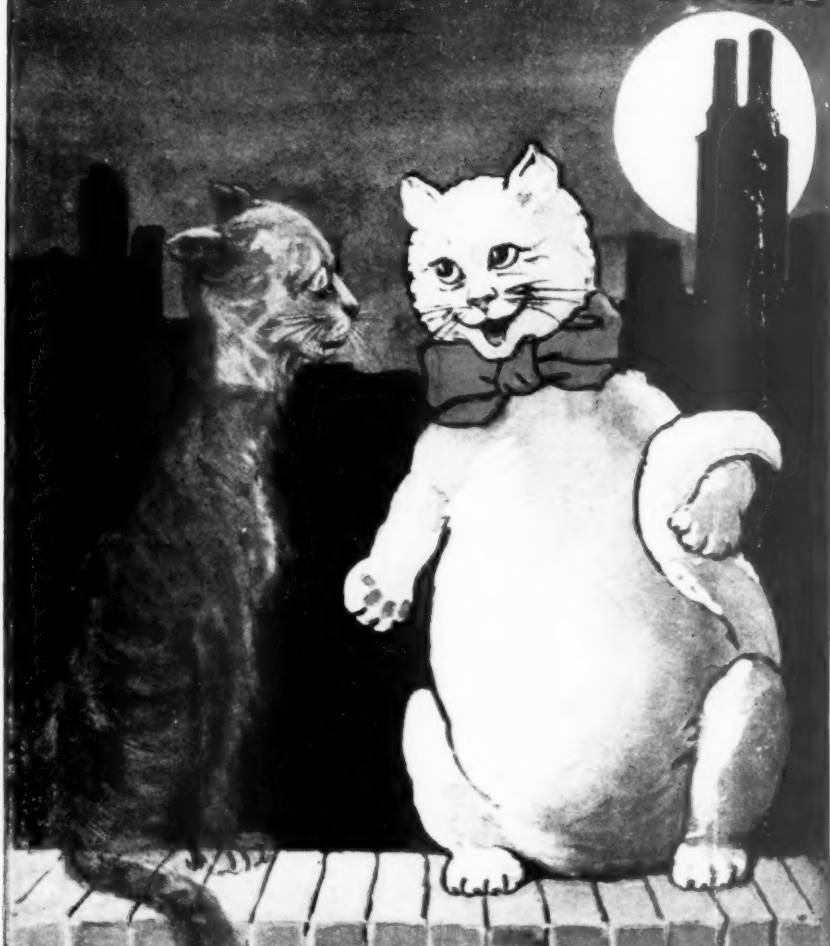
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